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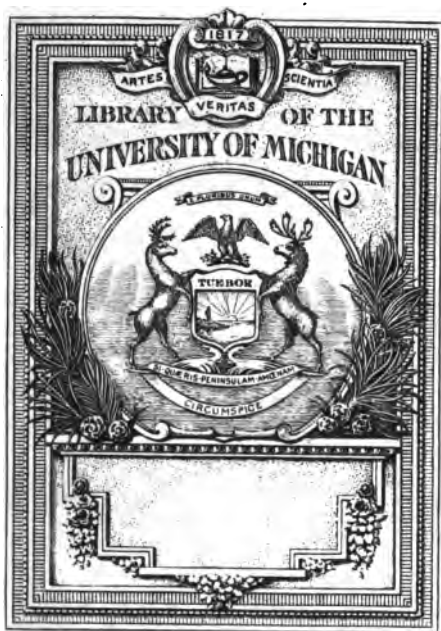
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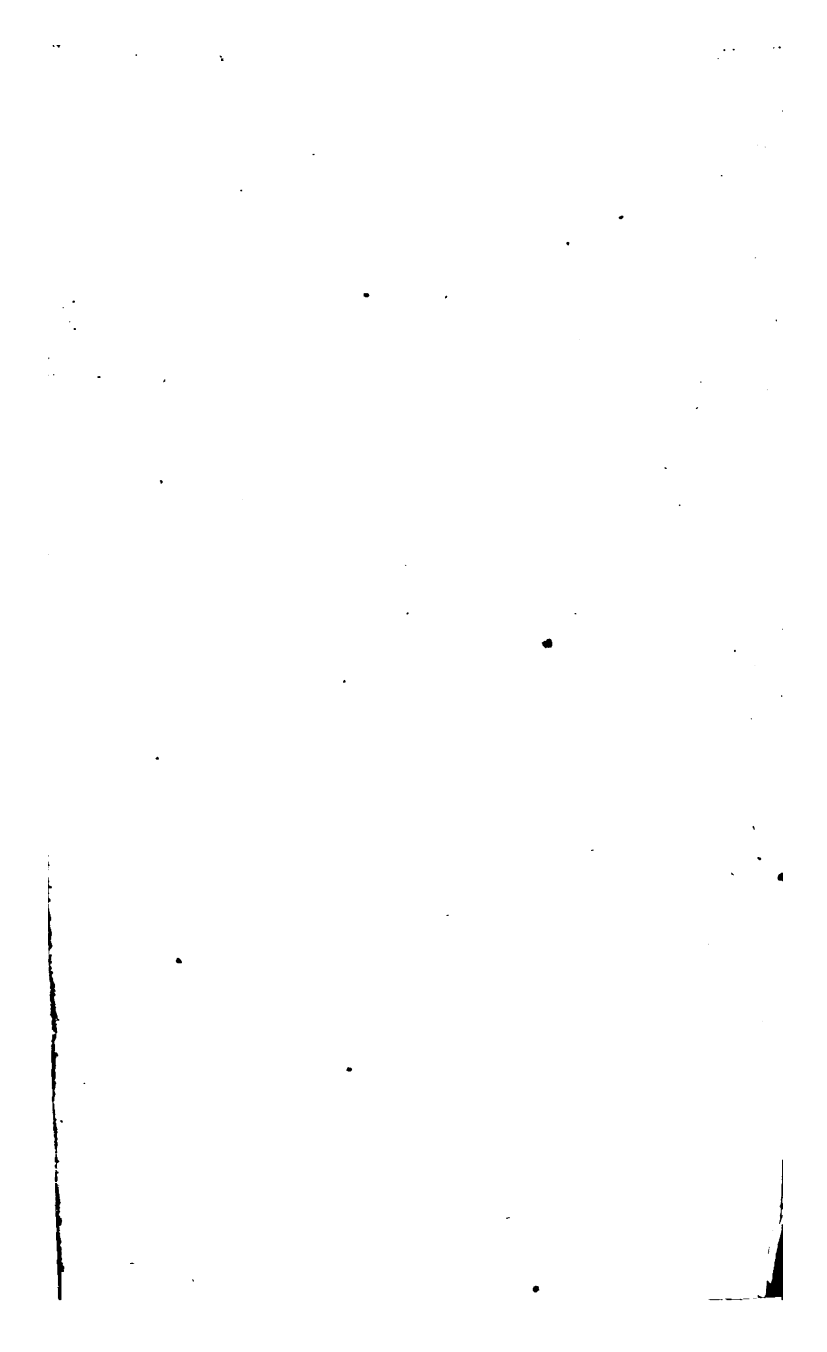
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A N E C D O T E S

OF THE

DELBOROUGH FAMILY.



AN E C D O T E S
OF THE
DELBOROUGH FAMILY.

A N O V E L.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

BY (MRS.) GUNNING, *Susannah*
(Minifie)

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DEDICATION.

TO that conspicuous and
exalted female character,
which has not been shaken by
the powers of calumny, or
misguided by fashionable Opinions.

To Her, who has not called
good evil, and evil good.

To Her, who, like the lofty,
venerable Oak, affords a kindly
shelter to the humble shrub,
and

DEDICATION

and guards the tender unaspiring violet from being trodden under by the foot of arrogance.

To Her, who, being herself truly honorable, protects, with immutable steadiness, the votaries of truth and honor.

TO HER GRACE THE
DUCHESS DOWAGER OF
B E D F O R D,

These VOLUMES are most respectfully,
gratefully, and affectionately inscribed,
by the AUTHOR,

S. GUNNING.

Advertisement to the Public.

HAVING been informed, since this work was sent to the press, that it is supposed to contain Historical Memoirs of my own family affairs; it is incumbent on me to set aside an opinion, that has not its foundation in truth. The first volume was written twenty years ago; I then wrote it for
my

ADVERTISEMENT.

my *amusement*, I now publish it for my *emolument* ; characters are certainly not the less entertaining, because natural ; but I disclaim all personalities in the application of them ; I also positively declare, there is no one circumstance, incident or situation in these volumes, that has the most distant allusion to my *own* family, my *connexions*, my friends, or my *enemies*.

ANECDOTES
OF THE
DELBOROUGH FAMILY.

CHAP. I.

SIR JAMES EDMONDS, like other country gentlemen, whose business it is to attend parliament, had occasion to call on his banker, in Lombard-street, the morning after his arrival in town; this banker's name was Darlington, he was the baronet's old acquaintance.

An idolator of the heathen mythology, on entering this store-house of treasures, on seeing the immense mountains of untold guineas which lay heaped upon the counter, might have mistaken it for the temple of Plutus, and paid adoration to old Darlington himself, as the presiding deity.

By help of a glass fixed in the door of a small room, he could distinguish every body who entered the shop, and never made his appearance to any but the rich and powerful; little folks were left to transact their affairs with his clerks and their assistants; from this convenient recess he saw Sir James enter, and crept out to receive him, with a low obedience, which almost brought his reverend head to the ground.

The dimensions of his figure were about five feet two inches, but alas, half these natural advantages were sunk by a too just division of his person, one part rising, the other stooping, so that he exactly resembled
those

DELBOROUGH FAMILY.

those petty machines called tongs, w^h in the hands of a beautiful woman, doing honours of her tea table, are wonder graceful; his face was so narrow that huge spectacles he carried on his nose only served to strengthen his sight, but a kind of mask, behind which, if he blushed at his own extortions, he could be unnoticed.

His head was encompassed by a tight cotton cap, his eyes were small, dull, and bloodshot, he looked with them as if the contemplation of his darling metal had blinded to every other object.

A short conversation on money matters being ended, this son of wealth requested James to honour him with a few moments private, at the same time, telling him, in a whisper, that he was under great trouble and looked on his presence at this critical period, as a most fortunate event; his request was immediately granted, he tottered on

fore to open the door of his little room, or rather observatory; he shut it with caution, after they were entered and catching hold of Sir James's hand, he wrung it with the pang of torture, crying out, alas! alas! my worthy good friend, I am the most unhappy wretch breathing, ruined and undone for ever; not a person in the world who can, or will assist me.

You surprise me Mr. Darlington, is it possible your circumstances should be so desperate.

What do you say, Sir James, (putting his ear closer to him) circumstances—desperate circumstances—no, no, no, (shaking his head with a significant leer) no, no, had I nothing to complain of but my circumstances, I should have been at least as well off as my neighbours—the shoe does not pinch there, Sir James, alas! I had a daughter, once, the delight of my eyes; to enrich her I have denied myself almost the necessary comforts
of

of life; had she been dutiful, by the blessing of God, and her father's industry, she should not have wanted a comfortable portion—but now all that is over; he took off his spectacles, and whiped them—excuse me, Sir James, I loved her more than the riches, which for her sake I have sacrificed the best part of my life in scraping together.

Unthinking wretch! thou hast disposed of thyself, and thy father must look out for a more worthy heir to inherit his possessions.

I am sorry and surprised at this account.

She had nobody to blame but herself; no parent ever watched a daughter as I have done mine—I never let her out of my sight a moment unless under the care of my house-keeper, who, if possible, was more attentive to her conduct than even I could be; she hardly ever saw the face of a man to our knowledge, and yet what does all this caution signify—she has run away—run away from

her careful father—perhaps with a rascally beggarly dog—perhaps with a younger brother who may not have a single shilling to keep them both from starving—run away too, just as I had concluded a bargain with the Earl of Greville for a match between my girl and his eldest son, Lord Sheldon, and what do you think now, Sir James, am I not the most justly incensed father that a perfidious ungrateful daughter ever made truly wretched?

Doubtless, my friend, you have reason, great reason for displeasure—but is it my advice you would ask on this occasion?

I not only ask, I entreat, I beseech it of you—we have known each other long—alas, my riches! how shall they be left, who shall I pitch upon for my executor.

Since you give me leave, Mr. Darlington, I shall speak my mind freely, the young lady, I confess, is justly intitled to your anger;
she

She has rejected the scheme which paternal fondness made you fancy you was planning for her happiness, yet I am of opinion, from my own knowledge of the man allotted by you for her husband, that in a short time, a very short time, you would have most heartily wished the alliance had never taken place.

Suppose all this true, what can you say to defend her marrying a needy fellow, without my consent, or approbation?

This, I apprehend, is her most capital offence, and by no means can I attempt to defend it; however, as what is passed has no remedy, surely a tender parent cannot, for one false step, abandon an only, a beloved child to perpetual misery.

Hold, hold, Sir James,—

I say, sir, (raising his voice) it is unnatural, nay, it is impossible—but hear me out with patience, before you take any resolution to

your daughter's prejudice, examine, at least, the merits of a choice you cannot now prevent—consider you have enough to make them happy if the young man's character and conduct should deserve your favour.

Favour, Sir James, why do you talk to me of favour! I know the fellow's person it is true, but even with his name I am unacquainted, he may be a footman for ought I know to the contrary, as to merit, conduct, character, and all that, look ye, Sir James, they are beneath my notice, it is a father's business to mind the main chance; had she married a Lord, or the son of a Lord, I might have forgiven her, but to bring into a family like mine, a nobody—a worse than nobody—mean spirited undutiful hussy, not a shilling shall she ever finger from my bags, no, not to save her from famine, will I ever advance a sixpence.

And this is your determined resolution.

It

It is by heavens.

Why then, Mr. Darlington, trouble yourself to relate, or me to hear, the nature of your grievances, yet obstinately reject the very advice you solicited?

I did not expect you would ask me to forgive the ungracious baggage—no, no, I never will forgive her, that's certain.

Then I shall only add, old gentleman, that I detest your obdurate principles too much to support you in them—farewell, sir, I have neither time or inclination to throw away my council where I find it totally disregarded.

Nay, but worthy fir—good fir—(laying hold of his button) I have no relief—I have no comfort but in talking of my troubles.

Hearing the shop door open, he interrupted himself to peep through the glass—he uttered a cry of furious rage—made but one leap

forward, and catching hold of a young man, who had just entered—audacious rascal—villain—scoundrel, cried he, (in a voice convulsed with passion) how darest thou approach these doors—where's my child—where's my daughter—where's Lucy—give me back my daughter or I will have thee hung at tyburn.

By this time Sir James entered the field of action and was struck with an air of dignity by which the stranger was eminently distinguished—he disengaged him, though with some difficulty from the old man's gripe, who held him by the collar as fast as he would have done a robber who had hardiness enough to besiege his dear coffers.

Let me interfere gentlemen, said Sir James, I am no stranger to the cause of this unfortunate enmity, and wish, from my soul, it may be in my power to serve you both.

Old

Old Darlington could not speak—he stamp—he raved—he wept, in speechless fury.

I thank you, sir, replied the young man, bowing with an air of respect, you are intitled to my warmest gratitude; those personal insults which I have been compelled to receive in your presence, must cast a term of reproach on my character—as an officer I can make no apology—in the name of son, which I have now the honour of bearing, to this gentleman, I flatter myself, you will find my excuse.

Come, come, my old friend, replied Sir James, warmed with the manly expressions of the stranger, you must not—shall not longer continue this obduracy—you have voluntarily made me a party—suffer me to persuade you to accept the happiness which is offered.

No, no, no, roared the enraged father, almost suffocated with passion—get out of my house—out, out I say,—take my curse with thee, it is the only gift I will ever give my wretched daughter or thyself—never trouble me again, but starve, starve together.

Sir James Edmonds fixed a look of astonishment on this unnatural parent, whilst the person to whom his cruelty was directed, stepped forward, and with a resolute firmness in his manner, but in a voice perfectly respectful, spoke as follows:

‘ Conscious that I have offended, I hold no title to resentment, but am heartily sorry your displeasure is not to be removed—the hopes of restoring your child to the arms of a forgiving parent, brought me hither—however cruel my reception has been I shall return to my wife with that ardour of affection, which it will never be in your power or the power of fortune to diminish—I am no beggar, Mr. Darlington; I have
enough

enough to support your daughter, not only in the absolute necessities of life, but even in some degree of affluence—this only shall I add, that I came not here to enrich myself with your wealth but to increase the felicity of my wife, by restoring to her a father.'

Nobly expressed, cried the Baronet; now, by my soul, young gentleman, I have two daughters, was you unmarried, and they at the years of discretion, with their own good leaves, you should take your choice of either, —allow me, sir, to ask your name, and to assure you, from this moment, it is the wish of my heart, we may no more be strangers to each other.

You do me too much honour, my dear sir—my name is Fairfax—except the happiness I should feel at giving back my Lucy to a father's tender affection, the continuance of your generous favour is what I am most solicitous to attain.

Don't

Don't think me impertinent, Mr. Fairfax, I am not led by mere curiosity, I wish to do you service, permit me then one other question, are you of the same family with the Earl of Delborough?

I am his brother, sir, without that love which is a brother's due; never did I give him cause to blush, that our parents were the same, yet his indignation follows me because I chose a profession contrary to his opinion, though he never condescended to make me acquainted with his objections 'till after I had purchased my commission, from which time I was forbid his presence and his house. This is no season for reserve—you are Mr. Darlington's friend, I would not conceal my real situation from either—my own fortune which is no more than nine thousand pounds, is now my whole dependance—from my brother I never expect a single favour; and I trust in Providence, my worthy soldier, cried Sir James, you will stand in no need of his protection, then turning to the banker,

banker, is it possible you can still entertain resentment against this generous youth, rather let your gratitude be offered to heaven, who has given your daughter a noble, a deserving husband—receive to your arms a son, in whose merits you will find more real satisfaction than in all the wealth you have been so industrious to accumulate; receive him from my hand, I glory in making my old friend so valuable a present, if you do not thank me at our next meeting my life shall be the forfeit.

There was no resisting his honest eloquence; Mr. Fairfax could only thank him by a look expressive of the most grateful emotions, whilst the heart of the old man was divided by a thousand different passions. The last words of his son in law made no inconsiderable impression—to find Lucy married so much beyond his late expectations was a reviving cordial, and Sir James's friendly interposition completed the victory, he held out his hand, which being seized with

with ardour, was gracefully carried to the lips of his now happy relation.

The baronet, overjoyed at the reconciliation in which he had so principle a share, wished them uninterrupted felicity, and took his leave, though strongly pressed by the banker to stay dinner.

Every thing being now discussed in a private conference, to the satisfaction of Mr. Darlington, he felt so much joy at his daughter's being allied to nobility, that his ill humour intirely vanished, and he now loaded him with as many civilities as he had a little before done with execrations and reproach—Mr. Fairfax was allowed to fetch his wife—she too was well received, and they dined together with so much harmony that nobody could have suspected there had ever been the least disagreement between them.

C H A P. II.

AFTER the happy reconciliation with which we concluded our last chapter; old Darlington desired Lucy's husband to attend him in his 'counting house at eight o'clock the next morning, having some affairs of consequence to propose, which he hoped would turn out for their mutual advantage, Mr. Fairfax punctually observed this appointment, and the banker immediately opened his designs.

Son, said he, for now methinks that name is not displeasing to me, you are sensible I have but one child, that she was the darling
of

of my heart before—no offence Captain, I mean not to repeat grievances, they are now past I have forgiven her, and restored her again to my affections—I trust you will deserve her love and my fatherly kindness; as a proof of your readiness to do this you must quit the army—answer, but don't refuse me—I am positive—take care son Fairfax, don't let a quarrel commence where a reconciliation has begun.

A moment's consideration served to convince the person to whom this caution was addressed, that it would be absolute folly to contend with an obstinate man, whom it was now both his duty and interest to oblige.

Though he might quit the service with regret he could certainly quit it without dishonour; luckily for him all Europe was lulled in a profound peace, we say luckily, for had his arm been wanted, the duty he owed his country would suffer him on no terms to have accepted the above proposal;
in

in the present posture of affairs he embraced it with so good a grace as from that moment, made the old gentleman's heart entirely his own.

'The next thing I have to propose, my dear boy, continued he, regards more particularly the happiness of yourself and my daughter; you say you are master of nine thousand pounds—now I begin to be so well pleased with you, that I have determined, this day, to make it up twenty, besides which, at my death, all I am possessed of shall be yours, but added he, it is necessary with your leave that some kind of settlement might be premised.

Your generosity, sir, overcomes me, he replied, do as you please, direct every thing, I am ready to execute whatever you propose.

Very well, very well, I see it is as Sir James said, I am really proud of you already; leave it then to me, you shall not lose by
the

queath five to whom you please, so that upon the whole, son, I think I have made no bad bargain for you.

Mr. Fairfax expressed a proper sense of gratitude, but ventured at hinting a wish, that some kind of provision might be made for children, if Providence should be disposed to bless him and his Lucy with any.

Perhaps, replied the old man, I may be whimsical, perhaps too, you may think me obstinate; be that as it will, let me hear no more on this subject; yet I am not angry, because your desire is what most men are fools enough to call prudent and laudable; now my opinion is quite contrary—no, no, if you would be happy in your children always keep the staff, son, in your own hands; never let them hear of independence; no doubt you will take care of your children, every parent does that; give them whatever fortune you think proper, but let it come from yourselves at their marriages, or at
your

your deaths, in that case they will think themselves obliged to their parents ; a settlement serves only to make them head-strong and disobedient.

Whatever were the sentiments of Lucy's husband he found it absolutely necessary to coincide with those of the banker, so that every thing was that day amicably concluded.

It was also agreed that the young couple should live with their father in the city 'till a house and equipage were provided for them at the politer end of the town, which was to be done entirely at the old gentleman's expence, whose darling passion for upwards of forty years, had been smothered beneath mountains of gold, that passion now burst out with such violent impetuosity, that the mountains melted before it, nor was any method thought on to stop the consuming conflagration.

That

That a man grown old in the business of emassing thousands upon thousands, should all at once betray a stronger inclination to dissipate than he had even shewn to accumulate his wealth—that a miser should turn prodigal after three score and six, is, we confess, a phenomenon, yet this marvellous change really happened to our citizen; but that the reader may not imagine we are imposing on his judgment in passing the bounds of probability, we beg leave to present him with Mr. Darlington's early character.

He was the younger branch of a very respectable family, and having three elder brothers, saw but a distant view of possessing the estate, yet was addicted to pleasure and expence—he had a mixture in his constitution of low ambition, more properly called pride, and a species of generosity, that sometimes shewed itself in actions from which a more finished character might have received lustre; he was obstinate, though within the reach of conviction—passionate, but not ill temper-
ed—

ed—immoderately fond of shew and ostentation, which with the most contemptible opinion of women in general, formed his character before he entered into trade.

Nothing could be more mortifying than that event which took place at the earnest sollicitation of his real friends; and it was many years ere he could reconcile himself to the drudgery of business. Perpetual success in accumulating riches, at length got the better of his natural inclinations, he had now no thought but how to turn every shilling to advantage, effecting it sometimes at the expence of honesty and conscience. Habitual distrust of the female sex had made him seclude his daughter from all mankind, till by accident meeting with a lover, she soon convinced him what little purpose his superabundant care had answered. But we should first have said, that on entering into trade a fair city dame, with a good fortune, received his vows at the altar, and prudently thinking her presence might be some inter-

ruption to her husband's business, retired to the other world, after presenting him with an exact copy of her personal and mental perfections.

No sooner was the exasperated father convinced that Lucy had married the brother of a Noble Lord, than all his latent ambition revived with redoubled vigor—he had a fortune to support their nobility, and he even determined (better late than never) to exhibit once more his diminutive person in the gay world, accordingly he settled his affairs, retired from business, and accompanied his son and daughter to Berkley-Square, giving orders for a magnificent suit of rooms to be set apart for his sole and separate use.—He presented the young couple with a superb equipage, bespeaking another for himself, lined with rose-coloured velvet, and if we are obliged to speak the truth, ornamented it with more arms than he had any pretensions to quarter; though, had he stuck to his own, few families would have occasion to blush at his alliance.

DELBOROUGH FAMILY.

His dress underwent as complete a transformation as his manners, the crimson of which in a former chapter we have honorable mention, gave place to one of blue satin finely embroidered, his thread coat, which used to cover his flesh-bare of a morning in the counting-house, thrown aside for a blue damask night-gown finished in the highest taste—the spectacles were exchanged for a hand glass—his doublet richly laced—and his wig supplanting flowing—in short he was so well pleased with his present appearance and situation, that he grudged not the sacrificing his youth to their attainment.

C H A P. III.

MRS. FAIRFAX inherited so much of her father's original disposition, that she entered into all the extravagant dissipations of high life with avidity, and pursued them in their most rapid courses.—Debar a youth from every other liquor than water during his minority, and when he is intrusted with the conduct of himself, he will venture first to sip the pernicious juices, be delighted with the flavour, take larger draughts, and at last wallow in a state of intoxication.

Take a girl from confinement and obscurity, who knows no more of life; than that
she

she eats, drinks and sleeps; carry her into the beau monde, let her taste of pleasure, and the effects will be exactly similar; at least it was the same in the instance now before us. Lucy had no enjoyment but in public, she frequented every assembly, shone at the theatres, and lost her money freely at the card table. Mr. Fairfax, who at first reluctantly followed the plan into which he had been dragged by the influence of his wife and her father, now found his scruples grow less and less every day, till at last he absolutely, through custom, became as infatuated to show as the banker, and equally devoted to dissipation as Mrs. Fairfax herself.

It seemed the entire emulation of this little family, who should squander with the greatest profusion; such a word as œconomy had never been heard amongst them since the banker's renouncing it — nor did the birth of a son at all abridge their notions of expence, he was dressed in the superbest man-

the good opinion you have of my generosity; I will go directly and give orders to my lawyer—the settlement will be short, and I trust, by to-morrow, ready for signing.

Here the conference broke off, and they parted the best friends in the world: to shew that he had a perfect reliance on his son's honour, Mr. Darlington, before the day was concluded, put into his hands securities for eleven thousand pounds, and the next evening presented him with a deed of settlement, saying, if you do not like my method, speak freely, and I will not be offended; with these words he left him at liberty to peruse the writing, the purport of which was, that the survivor, either husband or wife, should be intitled to the whole fortune at his or her disposal for ever, except five thousand pounds which Mr. Fairfax had the absolute right of bequeathing.

Before he could well consider *pro* and *con*, every advantage, or disadvantage, of this settlement the banker returned, he desired, with an air of impatience, that his son would
communicate

communicate his sentiments on the terms proposed, yet, without giving him time to declare them, proceeded thus.

The reason for my falling on this expedient was as much for your advantage as for the advantage of my daughter; I love you both, and hope I shall have no reason to repent my good intentions towards you; now if Lucy dies first, this writing makes you heir to all I die possessed of: on the other hand, suppose you are taken off, doubtless, she is my natural heir, and should you leave her no children, why I hope a second marriage might be more successful, consequently my fortune would still descend to her issue, which, you will allow, is right and just—so far I have considered your mutual interest, but you may perceive I have not been insensible of your respect for me, by rewarding it with a larger power than I have even given my daughter; she cannot leave a sixpence from you; whereas, out of your original nine thousand pounds, you are at liberty to bequeath

of grieving, at his premature death, and the Euphinan Matron, testified her sorrow, by conforming punctually to every mode of polite widowhood.

When this event happened, Mrs. Fairfax was three months gone with child, she had often been in a similar situation, during the last thirteen years of her marriage; but the fatigues of a life devoted to a constant hurry of public amusements, had rendered the kind intentions of Providence abortive, instead of seeing herself surrounded by a smiling circle of endearing infants, her own giddy imprudence had prevented even their appearance in the world, and so little was her heart accustomed to the amiable feelings of a mother, that her inclinations felt no manner of violence in consenting to her only son's being removed to a considerable distance from her, when placed under the tuition of Dr. Harvey, who was of too much consequence himself, to accept the trust on any other terms, than having the child an inmate of his own family;

the

the father's approbation was obtained from motives of sense and prudence, the mother's from absolute indifference, the grandfather's from a desire that the heir of his riches may not have his education entirely neglected.

The necessary confinement which attended the death of her husband, had such an effect on the constitution of Mrs. Fairfax, that she once more became a mother, and gave birth to a female infant, as lovely as nature in her kindest disposition ever formed; but alas, this blessing was bestowed in vain, the thoughtless parent, as soon as decency would permit, returned to her former pleasures, which she had only abandoned for a time from the most fashionable motives, and even then regretted every moment, which the world was obliged to suppose she had dedicated to the memory of an indulgent husband.

Contenting herself with the care Dr. Harvey took of her son's education, and much

too fine a lady to conform with that vulgar duty which some mothers think indispensable, her infant daughter could by no means interrupt her amusements for a moment. The banker, who had now seen his eighty-second year, betook himself to rest in the first ten months of his daughter's widowhood, leaving her no more than ten thousand pounds, the only poor remains of one hundred and twenty which he brought with him from Lombard-Street. This last catastrophe so far opened the widow's eyes, without having any effect on her heart, that she saw plainly it would be impossible to support her former splendour, but resolved not to give up those delightful pursuits, still in her power to procure at the expence of prudence.

In pursuance of this determination, her large house of three hundred was given up for one of four-score pounds a year, the number of her servants reduced in proportion, and her gilt coach, with six Roan mares, converted to a plain chariot and pair ;
but

but still she had her routs, dinners of two courses, evening collations, and as much company as her small apartments would contain ; all this might have held out some time longer, though a heavy catalogue of debts had already accumulated against her, but two unfortunate nights at hazard did the business effectually, and left her with her daughter, now ten years old, in the jaws of want, misery and despair.



C H A P. IV.

FAIR and softly gentle reader, we are not entertaining you with a story of a cock and a bull, we have only been relating, and that in as concise a manner as possible, the life and adventures of our hero's progenitors.

From a stripling of thirteen we shall pass over six years dedicated to the improvement of every mental and corporeal accomplishment. Dr. Harvey was an old man, his hoary head had been chafed with the balsam of experience, he was making the short voyage of life, accompanied by resignation, tho' often
often

often in his passage, obliged to pledge the unfortunate in their bitter beverage of affliction—few men had been more unhappy, few had so large a share of understanding to support the innumerable attacks of sorrow, his sorrows were not of a common complexion; he was blessed with many friends and the general love of all who knew him, his fortune too was easy, at least to him who never knew expensive luxury, was abundantly sufficient, yet a secret grief rankled in his bosom, and destroyed the power of consolation; a ray of delight, a smile of joy, would sometimes animate his dejected countenance, whilst conveying instruction to his attentive pupil, whose young mind thirsted after knowledge, and expanded itself to receive the wholesome counsels of wisdom.

Dr. Harvey loved him with paternal fondness, in the culture of those virtues which every day made large shoots towards perfection, he almost forgot that he was childless, till a gushing tear would force its passage
to

to speak the woe of recollection, even these tears by increasing tenderness for his beloved charge, and the assistance of time's wonder-working efficacy, were at length dried up, his cheerfulness in some degree returned—he felt the sensations of a father's transports, and few fathers ever acquitted themselves with so much justice to their real offspring, as he did to this son of his adoption.

He accepted the trust from no pecuniary motive, and soon after receiving the young gentleman as one of his family, he relinquished a handsome salary annexed to the employment, nor ever could, by any means, be prevailed on to accept the smallest gratuity. Next to Dr. Harvey nobody loved or admired our hero, more than Sir James Edmonds, he was always a welcome visitor to his family—they lived but a few miles distance—the two old gentlemen had been many years united by the strongest bonds of friendship.

Mrs. Fairfax never interrupted the course of her son's studies by requiring his attend-

ance in town, till his father was given over by his physicians, and notwithstanding the haste he then made to obey her commands, he arrived too late for any other purpose than to witness the funeral obsequies, performed with all that foolish parade of pomp and expence, which when living were the darling passions of his soul. From this circumstance alone, our hero very naturally concluded, his mother must have found herself possessed of immense riches, for which reason he might apply his little patrimony as would best suit his inclinations, they had always pointed to the army, and being determined, with the consent of his parent and guardians, to purchase a commission, he set about improving himself in the military study, with indefatigable pains, and returned no more to Dr. Harvey, till his education was compleatly finished in those particulars, which are only attainable in public schools, though the more valuable foundation he owed to the benevolent offices of private friendship.

We shall not detain our readers with leading them on step by step till he had gained the summit of his wishes, but present him to their better acquaintance, a soldier, a scholar, and a fine gentleman, glowing with the youthful vigour of nineteen, graceful, in a manly resolute deportment, amiably interesting, possesst of all the milder virtues, mercy, benevolence and affection; his animated features from those delicate feelings of a polished mind, received far greater advantages, than does the worn-out complexion of beauty from paint and washes. He did not enter into the service because he thought a red coat more becoming than any other colour—because of the ladies partiality to a cockade—or because the life of an officer has sometimes the charm of idleness to recommend it.—He really felt the true military ardour, under the dominion of which, he early established a reputation, which others spend their whole lives in only endeavouring to attain.

Colonel H——, under whom he had served, speaking of him once in George's

coffee-house, these were his words, the honest fervour with which they were pronounced engraved them on my memory. — Fairfax I have known long; he is an excellent young man—a worthy member of society—an honour to his profession. I have seen him in the field of battle: I have seen his firm arm lifted against the foe of his country. His dauntless intrepidity at that moment has inspired even timidity itself with emulation. Again, I have seen him visiting the afflicted prisoners in their joyless confines in the hospitals; covered with wounds; he has personally administered to their relief; once conquered they were no longer his enemies; they were his brother soldiers, his brother soldiers in distress. “By heaven,” continued he, “had this glorious youth been the son of Julius Cæsar, his private and his public actions would have done honour to the memory of his father.”

Thinking the above character a sufficient recommendation to his own sex, if any of
them

them should condescend to peruse our work, we shall next assure the Ladies, that he wanted none of those external charms and accomplishments, without which we would not presume to introduce him to their favour; but as we do not wish, and, indeed, should be highly mortified to have our faithful history classed amongst those performances which owe their merit intirely to fiction. Pardon us if we do not tell you he was beautiful as the God of Love. Excuse us from describing the brilliancy of his eyes, the whiteness of his teeth, the luxurious quantity or colour of his hair, and suffer us to conclude our chapter with this assertion of the poet, that, "take him all in all, we shall not meet his fellow."

C H A P. V.

HAVING, as we imagine, properly introduced the hero of our story, we shall return to that fatal æra, which plunged into extreme misery his ill-guided and most imprudent mother, the natural, but melancholy consequence of a criminal misconduct. He was at this time advanced to the rank of captain, covered with laurels, and daily reaping new ones in the boundless field of honor. His heart exulted in the harvest of valour; it was unacquainted with misfortunes. Some momentary sensations of sorrow it had experienced, but these sorrows were the sweet effusions of filial, of fraternal love, of gratitude

tude and of friendship. If he dropped a tear at parting from a mother, a sister, and a friend, to whom he owed the tenderest obligations, it was mingled with a pleasing hope of returning to them with additional worth. The same sentiment followed him thro' all his glorious enterprises, and pushed him on to actions of never-fading lustre. A letter from Mrs. Fairfax could not fail to exhilarate his spirits. She always addressed him in terms of affectionate approbation; for though her follies were so closely woven in with her existence, as to make a separation almost impossible, yet the character he had so justly acquired made her, in some measure, feel what it was to be the parent of such a son. With his usual eagerness he broke the seal of a packet, from which his sanguine expectations formed the most lively ideas of pleasure. He was disappointed. It was his first disappointment, at least the first material one he had ever encountered, its effects therefore were doubly severe and insupportable. He cast his eyes on this alarming sen-
tence.

tence, "Pity your distracted mother!" and her command was instantly obeyed. He shuddered with apprehension. He paused before he could proceed to examine the cause of this exclamation; that he had lost a sister, struck his confused imagination. The letter trembled in his hands—his lips quivered—a tear, such a tear as his affection for the little Emily demanded, stole down his manly cheek. "Lovely, amiable child!" cried he, "but, perhaps, the frost of death has not yet nip'd thy infant beauties; perhaps, thou art only visited by sickness; a parent's fears, a parent's tender anxiety, may have ascertained a misfortune, yet avoidable." He hastened to have this comfortable supposition confirmed. Again his eyes were fixed on the fatal letter: It almost reduced him to a state of perfect insensibility. It was wrote in the bitterness of despair—in the agonizing horrors of frenzy; no expressions but its own can speak the torturing explanation.

LETTER.

L E T T E R.

“ Pity thy distracted mother ! Spare her the shame of humbling her devoted head beneath thy reproaches. Thou darest not, Charles—a son dares not reproach his parent. Where am I ? What have I done ? Fly, fly, to protect me ! Merciless wretches ! will not my all suffice ? Must the very cloaths of my poor defenceless child—must they go oo ? Emily, do not weep—do not cling about me for protection. My son, my son, support us both, or we both perish ! Yet me thou canst not support. God, God, my brain is on fire ! Shall I live to be upbraided ? No, no, no ; I have lived too long already, threatened with a prison, surrounded in my own house by fellows, whose very looks carry destruction ! Vile harpies of the law ; fiends, who will not suffer even my senses to escape them ! O Charles, Charles, what a poor infatuated creature have I been ! Too often turning from the eager solicitations of my
creditors,

creditors, they are now deaf to my intreaties, to my prayers; even on my knees have I intreated the relentless monsters! Three, a little three months, is all the respite I can obtain. If my affairs are not settled within that time, then, O then——; but I shall not live to suffer the horrid disgrace, yet, whilst I do live, will I heap eternal execrations on myself. What a fortune have I squandered!—in the pursuit too of everlasting remorse.—My son avoid the vice which has reduced thy mother to infamy—avoid it as thou would’st her irrevocable malediction—be not flattered into the fatal seduction of cards or dice, under the false appellation of an amusement, they once appeared to me in that innocent light—they soon became my business, and my ruin.—Had I fallen alone, those bitter pangs of conscience had been spared me, at least the most bitter I am capable of feeling.—My child, my poor deserted child, is it not enough that thy guilty mother has plunged thee deep in misery, must she think of leaving thee to struggle with

with neglect and poverty, can she talk of hiding her own confusion in the grave, and leaving thee alone to oppose an army of misfortunes she herself has raised against thee— O my God! save me from the distracting idea! the great, the merciful being, has granted my petition, he grants me a moment's interval of serenity, he bids me turn to thee, my son, my dear excellent son, for consolation, whatever be my fate, receive as the last gift of my love, the guardianship of thy infant sister, guide her youth, protect her innocence, provide for her necessities, and be to my gentle Emily a better parent than her, whose sorrows must soon draw to a final conclusion— In the same proportion as you comply with this last request, may the Almighty God pour on you his eternal blessings." The heart of Mr. Fairfax, dutiful and benevolent, trembled at the receipt of this letter, common minds cannot feel as he felt, his grief was too great for utterance.

Colonel H. the old officer, who spoke of him in George's coffee-house, entered his

tent at this moment, the letter was still open in his extended hand, he was not ashamed of an amiable weakness, yet he turned away his face, wishing rather to conceal it in the presence of his superior officer, vain were his efforts, the Colonel under a rough appearance possessed infinite penetration, blended with compassion, he saw his concern and pressed to be made acquainted with the cause, in terms so generous and friendly, that after a moment's hesitation, our young soldier was prevailed on to discover his mother's situation, concealing nothing but that her misfortunes were self-accumulated; he had, from his first acquaintance with this worthy veteran, received numberless proofs of uncommon attention and regard, he held him in the highest veneration, and was not sorry an opportunity had offered to consult him on the immensity of his affairs.

Having laid before him the situation of his beloved mother and sister, he asked with an air of melancholy eagerness, if he might

not in such a case, resign his commission with honor and fly to their protection. By no means, by no means, hastily replied Colonel H—— I love you too well to advise a step absolutely contrary to the character you are now obliged to support, that character is yet in its infancy, a brave tried soldier quitting his post in time of danger, forfeits his former glory; perhaps his private reasons may be as forcible as those by which you are actuated; do not think yourself, my friend, the only man who has felt the sharp tooth of sorrow—by quitting the army at this crisis, you will cast an indelible stain on your reputation, which has, I have witnessed opened with the brightest prospects, put it not in the power of a malicious world to doubt your conduct, the characteristic of a soldier is valour, happy would it have been for that man by whom it is forfeited, even in appearance, that his name had never been distinguished, rather than have it branded with the most disgraceful of all appellations, and the glory of his early fame for ever tarnished.

Here

Here he paused, Captain Fairfax rested his face on the good man's shoulder, his agitations were powerful, he sobbed aloud, generous, best of men, said he, recovering his voice, do not hate me for a proposition which now covers me with confusion, I acknowledge you to be the preserver of my peace and honor—Alas my mother!—Great God what will become of her!—Distraction is in the thought!—My sister too!—Unhappy son, unhappy brother, why, why am I prevented from flying to your rescue—My life would be a cheap purchase for so great a felicity as the restoring you to happiness; but the name of coward, I cannot, will not, dare not incur it, even for your preservation—he could say no more, his eyes were fixed on the ground, his breast heaved with conflicting passions.

My dear worthy boy, cried Colonel H— catching him in his arms, do not think the heart of an old soldier is callous to the attacks of humanity, think not I condemn this vir-

tuous sensibility, witness the sympathetic tear which I do not wish to wipe away unnoticed, I leave you for a moment, continued he, on my return I shall discover if you really merit the affection I feel for you. With this ambiguous expression he left the tent, and Captain Fairfax being soothed and flattered by the Colonel's tenderness, now began to recover some degree of composure.—He had still remaining of the original five thousand pounds, settled on him by his father, three thousand five hundred, his commission having cost him fifteen hundred pounds, and this sum, when he came capable of entertaining reflection, afforded him the pleasing prospect of satisfying his mother's creditors, and also of providing her and his sister, at least with the necessaries of life; full of this cheering idea, he wondered he had given way to the first tumults of despair, and immediately sat down to acquaint Sir James Edmonds and Dr. Harvey of his mother's unhappy situation, yielding up to their care his fortune for her use and that of his sister, recommending

ing them strongly to their protection, till he should have it in his power to return to England—he likewise wrote Mrs. Fairfax—his letter was formed for consolation, not a word, not a hint of her misconduct, he even tried to banish the recollection of it from his memory, or if it would intrude, he opposed it as the enemy of his peace—with filial duty—benevolent excuses—and the tenderest pity. Having finished those letters, he was walking about his tent with that serenity of aspect, which always will follow actions of duty and generosity, such as he had just been performing when the Colonel returned.

Why this is as it should be, cried the brave old veteran, delighted with the sudden alteration visible on the countenance of Captain Fairfax, this is as it should be, I now pronounce you a lad of resolution, one thing more, and you insure my friendship for ever, take this (holding out a folded paper) if you refuse so poor a proof of my kindness, you and I must drop all further acquaintance.

On such terms it was impossible to refuse, he therefore took it, and was going to examine it when his friend stopped him, no, no, said he, not in my presence, nor let me ever from this moment, hear a syllable about the contents, not one syllable young gentleman, added he, with a good humoured smile, or I shall have you tried on a Court Martial for disobeying orders.

Our hero kissed the hand of his benefactor, promised to obey his commands, and they walked out together.

That our readers may not suffer the pangs of fruitless curiosity, we shall take this opportunity to inform them, that the above-mentioned paper contained a draught on a noted agent, in favor of Mrs. Fairfax, or order, for three hundred pounds—and likewise must assure them at the same time, that her amiable son laid it by, till a proper occasion might offer for returning it, without offending the feelings of his generous friend.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

AT the return of the Courier from England, by which those Letters mentioned in the former chapter had been dispatched, Captain Fairfax received a packet, which he knew by the superscription to come from Sir James Edmonds, he broke the seal with impatience, and read as follows :

MY DEAR SIR,

“ Immediately on the receipt of your favor, the contents of which gave me real concern, I set out for London, accompanied by our good friend Dr. Harvey, and found your mother in a very indifferent state of
D 4 health,

health, and much dejected by the sudden reverse of fortune she has lately experienced.— Her affairs were indeed complicated, but not so bad as I expected, it came within the compass of my power to make her easy on that score—you will be burthened with no debt, and may hereafter be at liberty to bestow on your sister whatever proof of kindness you think proper, but at present I must request to be allowed the satisfaction of acting towards her in all respects as a father, at least till you are properly settled in life, and then if you insist on the resignation of my charge, I will endeavour to comply. On these terms you may command my assistance in every other scheme you can propose: Emily is the most lovely child I ever beheld. Your old acquaintances, my daughters Dormer and Ediwin, idolize the dear girl, they will always love her, as well on your account as her own, your mother and she are both with us in the country, would to God Mrs. Fairfax could receive any benefit from the change of air, however she is perfectly composed,
and

and not displeased with her situation in my family, she is too weak to write, but blesses the dutiful attention of her beloved and excellent son.

Providence has endowed you with those warm and tender passions which are the ornaments of humanity, it has also given you an uncommon degree of reason to govern and keep them in subjection; in you therefore it would be ungrateful, nay even highly criminal to repine at its awful dispensations. Your mother, (sorry am I to be the conveyancer of tidings that must afflict you,) your mother is visited by two very skilful physicians, but alas, my dear sir, they do not pretend to flatter us, medicines will too often fail in many disorders, in the case of Mrs. Fairfax, I dare not conceal the melancholy truth, we have not the smallest hopes of their being effectual, summon therefore all your fortitude, all your resolution to meet the blow which now seems inevitable, weigh well the arguments preparing for you by

D 5,

your

your best friend, Dr. Harvey—refuse not the consolation you will derive from his wisdom and piety, and permit me once more to assure you that your amiable sister shall be well educated, carefully protected, and tenderly beloved by, my dear sir,

Your affectionate servant,

JAMES EDMONDS."

The effects of this letter were far less violent than what he had experienced at the receipt of that by which it had been preceded, and he prepared for the expected event, which was confirmed in a few weeks, with manly fortitude and becoming resignation.

This kingdom was just on the eve of a peace when Captain Fairfax obtained a majority, and very soon after his uncle, Lord Delborough, taking into consideration the great probability there was that our hero might one day inherit the honours of his family, procured him the rank of Lieutenant Colonel—the Earl had but one son and he

happened to be of a very delicate constitution. With his brother, the father of Mr. Fairfax, he had quarrelled, many years prior to his death, the difference was never reconciled, he almost hated his memory, and when he got his son advanced in his profession, it was not from motives of family affection, but family policy and family pride, it was also the only mark of favor or protection this noble Peer had ever condescended to bestow on his brother's representative, and much greater it was than Colonel Fairfax or any of his friends had reason to expect from his lordship, whose indifference and neglect towards his nephew had till then been stern and decided.

About fourteen months after the above transaction, smiling peace once more visited our island, we are no politicians, therefore shall not pretend to say whether we bought her salutary presence at too extravagant a price, or whether she was ushered in with that glorious splendor which many insatuated

people thought her intitled to expect, we would only say that she restored Colonel Fairfax to his friends in Britain, who received the youthful warrior with every demonstration of joy and gladness.

He found Emily at this period more than his most sanguine expectations could form an idea of, though greatly raised by the continual accounts he received of her growing beauty and accomplishments. Sir James had faithfully performed his engagement, he had spared no expence in rendering her education complete and useful, which together with a person perfectly charming, rendered her an object of universal admiration.

Colonel Fairfax had no method of shewing his gratitude to her benefactor, so effectual as that of permitting her to remain in his family. Sir James, who was by this time advanced in his eightieth year, declared he should not survive the absence of his little pratler, who was his nurse, his physician and housekeeper.

Either Mrs. Dormer or Mrs Edwin by turns resided with the old gentleman, and neither of them having any children of their own, they lavished all their fondness on the grateful and endearing Emily.

Mrs. Dormer was a worthy good woman; Mrs. Edwin, polite, sensible and well-bred, the latter saw a great deal of genteel company, and even the former who was of a more retired disposition, enlarged her circle of acquaintance, that Miss Fairfax might lose no advantage which it was in her power to procure.

Notwithstanding these indulgences; nothing but the strongest motive of gratitude could have prevailed on her brother to let Emily remain any longer in the country; our readers will not be surprised at this assertion, when we tell them the sacrifice was in all probability, no less than the favor of a dowager aunt, who wrote to assure him that by committing his sister to her care, he would

so

so highly oblige her, that at her death, they should equally divide her fortune.

He was embarrassed by the proposal—he knew not how to refuse or accept, by the first he should incur Lady Dorothy Petting's displeasure, by the latter make a worthy old man unhappy, to whom he owed innumerable obligations—gratitude to Sir James got the victory, he even concealed an offer so much to their advantage, that the Baronet might not know how much he had sacrificed to friendship.

Having determined this nice point, he wrote to his father's sister, thanking her ladyship for the honor she intended him, and regretted that it was not immediately in his power to put Emily under her protection—he pleaded the delicate constitution of his sister, much impaired by the measles, from which she was but lately recovered, and enforced this argument by the opinion of her physician, who declared nothing would conduce

duce to the establishment of her health but air and exercise, from neither of which she could hope advantage by removing to London—he concluded with saying that he was going to make the tour of Italy, should receive her Ladyship's commands in person, before he left England, and at his return have the honor and happiness of presenting his sister, to a lady for whom he had the highest veneration.

This letter may appear rather artful, but it contained real matters of fact; Emily's constitution was remarkably delicate, she was just recovered from the measles, and he was preparing to spend the next carnival in Rome.

There seems to have been a kind of happy fatality attending this young gentleman from his early infancy; to acquire the general love of mankind seldom falls to the lot of mortals, yet certain it is that those who had once seen him wished to be acquainted with him

him, whilst those who were acquainted with him felt the warmest effusions of friendship; of which truth we can produce no better instances than Sir James Edmonds, Colonel H— and Dr. Harvey, the latter no sooner found him determined on his foreign tour, than he resolved to attend him; a favor thankfully received by the Colonel, who saw the happy advantages of such a companion on his travels.

Lady Dorothy was so highly exasperated at the unexpected refusal from her nephew, though given in the politest terms imaginable, that when he came to take his leave he was refused admittance, and actually left England the object of her rage and indignation.

As he was above acting from low and interested motives, this mark of disrespect did not greatly chagrin him, especially when he considered her ladyship's former inattention to himself and sister; for indeed till he had established a reputation which reflected honor

honor on his family, and till Emily's beauty began to be every where celebrated, she had not thought it worth her while to make the slightest inquiries after them, or even condescended to own them as her relations; no wonder then that Colonel Fairfax could not be severely disappointed, at her sudden and capricious changes of humour, from cold to warm, from affectionate promises to silent contempt.

C H A P. VII.

AFTER an absence of two years abroad, Colonel Fairfax received accounts of Sir James Edmonds' death, which gave him unaffected sorrow, and being at that time about to leave Rome he hastened his departure a few weeks, thinking his presence in England would be now absolutely necessary, not only to console Emily, who from infancy had regarded Sir James as her father, but also to direct her future establishment, rightly judging a beautiful young woman destitute of fortune must be subject to many inconveniences, which made him eager to place her under his own immediate protection.

This design he communicated to Dr. Harvey, whose consent must be previously obtained, before he could carry any plan he had formed into execution; at the same time he acquainted him with his intentions of settling two thousand pounds on Emily, he was flattered with the good man's intire approbation, and orders were given to prepare every thing for their sudden departure.

They met with no accident that might retard their journey to Paris, where they proposed staying a few days in civility to some families of distinction, from whom they had received very particular marks of respect.

The Marquis D'Stenvelle claimed their first attention, he was a nobleman of great power in the state, and posselt of shining abilities, he lived in a princely style and entertained all strangers with munificent hospitality; he had in the early days of his life married an English lady, whose merit rendered

rendered her so extremely dear to him, that for her sake he never missed an opportunity of heaping civilities on her country men.

Colonel Fairfax had been often at his house, and besides this national prejudice, the Marquis found in him so much real worth and honor, that during eight months passed at Paris in his way to Italy, he became possesst of his most perfect esteem, which was discovered by a thousand expressions of kindness, and when he left him to pursue his tour, the Marquis felt much concern at parting, the amiable Marchioness partook of her Lord's regret, and Mademoiselle St. Meara, their only daughter, was not without insupportable conflicts, on the same occasion ; the Parisian ladies in general admired our hero, this beautiful and accomplished girl had not limited her feelings to the cold confines of admiration, she was in love, but perfectly unconscious of her passion, she attributed the tender emotions of her inexperienced heart to having followed the example of her parents

parents in their partiality to the agreeable Englishman, she wished he had been her brother, and thought she regarded him with no more than a sister's tenderness, a mind perfectly innocent governed her behaviour; artless, modest, and unreserved, she used him with that charming freedom consistent with the connexion which she imagined would have made her so happy, her eyes alone betrayed a warmer attachment, and indeed they discovered so much sensibility that it was impossible to pass unobserved by the person who had occasioned it. — This discovery, which by a thousand others would have been received with transport, had a far different effect on Colonel Fairfax.

We do not design to make a monster of our hero, and present what was yet never found in the whole volume of nature's work, a faultless man, much less shall we detract from those virtues which he eminently possess, candour then calls upon us to declare that the Colonel had never given cause for the
fair

fair sex to reproach him with cruelty, at the same time that his *faux paux's* were confined to such who from their own imprudent advances, made it almost impossible for a man of gallantry and politeness to resist their attacks; but in regard to Mademoiselle St. Meara, it was quite another affair, extreme youth, modesty, and a spotless fame were her safeguards, under their sanction, a villain durst not have presumed on the most visible preference in his favor, how then could a man of the strictest and most honorable principles?

Had his heart been equally engaged with the lady's, he would have acted just as he did, when that happened not to be the case.— He would have flown from the temptation, and given her an opportunity by absence, to call home her wandering affections; this he would have done, as much for his own sake, as that of his mistress; knowing the almost insurmountable barriers, rank, fortune, and religion had placed between them. His task
was

was much less difficult on the present occasion : he acknowledged St. Meara, amiable, beautiful, and agreeable ; but he acknowledged it without passion, he actually felt for her exactly those sentiments which she vainly imagined she had not exceeded in her preference for him—his were confirmed at parting—hers totally overthrown—he left her without emotion—she beheld his departure with sighs, with tears, with all the attendants of the most lively sorrow.

The Marquis insisted that he should make them a visit on his return, so that, when he again found himself at Paris, he thought it an indispensable duty to obey that Nobleman's commands, otherwise he would never have sought to renew an acquaintance which, he was but too sensible, had already passed the bounds of friendship in the fair bosom of St. Meara. Doctor Harvey, who was the confidant of his suspicions, and strongly supported in them by his own observation, highly commended his young friend's circumstance

cumſpect and diſcreet behaviour in this affair ; for had all other oppoſition to an alliance with the Marquis's family been removed, that of a different perſuaſion, in point of religious ceremonies, muſt have ſtill remained, which, from a particular mode of thinking, and the principles of his function, appeared to this truly good man by far the moſt invincible of all barriers.

Had our Colonel been in love, we cannot pretend to ſay whether the wiſe counſel of his mentor in the preſent caſe would have been received with that intire ſubmiſſion, which had hitherto attended his advice on all occaſions ; but the heart being wholly unengaged, the doctor's opinion perfectly coincided with his own, and he went to pay his reſpects to the Marquis, with that eaſy compoſure which diſtinguiſhes a mind free from the enchanting influence of powerful beauty. The Marquis and Marchionefs embraced him with their uſual friendly politeneſs ; but poor Mademoiſelle St. Meara was
fo

so greatly agitated by his sudden and unexpected appearance, that the transparent whiteness of her delicate face and neck were envelop'd in a blush of the deepest scarlet. His address to her was unembarrassed, and consistent with the natural elegance of his manners, without the smallest degree of particular attention. Whether she observed this coldness, and was shocked at his indifference, or whether her confusion was so great, that it prevented her from making any observation at all, we cannot pretend to determine; but turning hastily away, and laying her snowy hand with innocent freedom on one of Dr. Harvey's, "My dear, Sir," said she, "your absence has appeared an age! I hope you have enjoyed your health: I hope you are now come to honour Paris with your presence, at least, for this winter."—"Charming goodness," replied the doctor, "how flattering is your amiable condescension to an old man! I am overjoyed, my excellent young Lady, to see you well and happy."

She fighed, and the sanguine stream, which was beginning to retire to its first source, again overspread her face.

“Indeed, I am very happy,” returned she (in a voice that contradicted her assertion) but you do not answer my question, (with an impatient air) “you do not say how long you are to stay with your parisian friends. You have many friends in Paris, Sir; we are not insensible of merit; a worthy foreigner will never have reason to complain of being overlooked or neglected in this country.

Before he could make an answer Colonel Fairfax joined them, and, without any seeming design, the doctor said, “I believe, Sir, your affairs in England will oblige us to set out in two or three days at the farthest.”—“Good God!” cried the Marchioness, observing her daughter’s countenance change to a death-like paleness, “what ails you, my dear child? You are certainly seized with some sudden indisposition; retire with me,
my

my love, the air will be of service to you." St. Meara made no opposition, but curtsying to the doctor and Colonel Fairfax, with a look which plainly said, "Take this as my parting leave." She suffered her mother to lead her out of the apartment.

The Colonel felt severely, and even tenderly for her situation, yet determined to preserve his former resolutions. He made a short visit, but was obliged to promise he would return the next day to dinner.

C H A P. VIII.

INSTEAD of fulfilling his engagement the day following, he sent a genteel apology to the Marquis, with general inquiries after the health of the family; and received for answer, that they were all extremely well, with wishes of a safe and agreeable journey to himself and Dr. Harvey. The stile of this little billet evidently shewed that St. Meara's inclinations were no longer a secret to her father and mother, or why, argued the Colonel, mention my departure as a certainty, which was only spoke of last evening in a very casual manner? However, the hint was not thrown away, and, though obliged

to stay two days longer in Paris, he resolved not to repeat his visits at the Marquis's hotel.

According to this plan, the next morning was taken up in attending many other families of rank and merit, to whom they had been indebted for very eminent civilities. It was about two o'clock when they returned to their inn, and the doctor having a desire to visit a Franciscan friar, with whom he had contracted a degree of intimacy, on finding him a man of the most liberal education and profound understanding, he told his friend, that if he would give himself the trouble of bespeaking something for their dinner he would, in the mean time, step to the monastery of —, and be back in less than an hour. Colonel Fairfax readily acquiesced, and knowing the good doctor, not from being an epicure, but from weakness of appetite, was rather peculiar in the choice of his dishes, resolved to inspect the larder, in order to fix on such as he thought would

be most acceptable ; he therefore pulled the bell, and our host, who happened to be his countryman, exhibiting a prominency of belly, which would have put Boniface himself out of countenance, made his appearance with a " What does your honour please to want ?" " A good dinner," replied the Colonel, " and a bottle of your best Burgundy." " Say you so, your honour, then I defy France to furnish you with a better of each sort. Behold this, your honour," stroking his huge paunch with both hands, " when a landlord lives well himself, it is a certain sign his guests are in no danger of starving."

" Since you are so well provided, I must beg leave to inspect your larder, and will there chuse for myself."

" As your honour pleases : I should be proud to have the Grand Monarch inspect my provisions ; he would not meet with better in all his dominions. This way, your honour," shewing him into a little dark hole, which

which he called his kitchen ; “ this way leads to my grand repository—for venison—wild fowl—poultry—game of all kinds—and fish of all sorts—I challenge France, England, and Germany.

Colonel Fairfax followed, laughing heartily at the pompous description of his facetious landlord ; but, to his great surprise, found he had been no vain boaster. He chose, from a multiplicity of good things, a neck of venison, a pair of soles, and a soup, the latter of which his host assured him should be gratis, if he did not acknowledge it the most excellent he had ever tasted.

On his return through the kitchen, his sight was struck with an object perfectly uncommon. He had never beheld any thing like it ; on a low stool, by a smoaky fire-side, sat the skeleton of a man ; one hand rested on his breast, the other dangled useless by his side ; a ragged blanket covered his boney carcase, through which the skin ap-

peared in various places. His beard and nails bore the strongest testimony of neglect. Famine glared in his eyes, and despair stamped a ferocity on every feature.

Colonel Fairfax started as if he had seen an apparition. He recoiled back several paces, and exclaimed, with vehemence — “Great God! is it possible a creature, whom thou hast created in thy own likeness, can be reduced to this?”

On hearing these words pronounced, the poor wretch hid his face in the tatters of his ragged blanket, whilst the landlord, holding his sides, laughed to so immoderate a degree, that it was a considerable time before he could attempt to remove the surprise of his guest, which, he thought, he could not fail of doing by the following address:

“I beg your honour’s pardon a thousand times, but for my soul I could not help it. Jesu Maria! who would suppose your honour
could

could have been so frightend ? My youngest child plays with him as she would do with a kitten. No, no, your honour, he will do you no harm. If he was not quite simple and harmless, he should never have taken his post under my roof.

What the landlord said, together with the miserable creature's endeavouring to hide his face in the shattered covering, increased our Colonel's feelings of humanity, and awakened a painful curiosity, which would not let him rest without a full gratification, and for this purpose he retired to his room, desiring his host, if possible, he would get Wild Robin the name this phantom went by through the family, to follow him thither : He also ordered him to send in a bottle of wine, and some bread.

Various were the emotions of his heart, whilst waiting the execution of his commissions. He walked to and fro in eager expectation, listening every now and then, that

his ear might catch the first approaches of the person by whom his whole thoughts were occupied. At length the door opened; a servant entered with the things he had ordered, followed by this spectre of human nature, who, with his eyes fixed on the ground, observed a profound and full silence.

Colonel Fairfax waited no longer than till the servant had left the room, before he accosted him in these terms; but with such gentleness in his voice, such manly sensibility in his countenance, as no words can possibly express:

“ I cannot behold with indifference the sufferings of a fellow creature, and sure to judge from appearances, your’s must have been of a most malignant nature: I wish to make you acquainted with content.”

He shook his head.

Is it impossible, then, to afford you comfort?

Impossible! and again he was silent.

I am not a rich man; but you are destitute of necessaries, without which life must be a burden. Those I can and will procure for you. Are you a native of France?

No.

Of what country?

A citizen of the world.

You are determined not to enlarge on your situation? I am convinced you was not born in misery. You have seen better days.

I have, and he turned away, to hide the tears that rolled down his face.

Pardon me for adding to your distress. I could wish to have known more: yet I know enough to intitle you to what little service is in my

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power.

power. He drew out his purse, and desired his acceptance of the contents.

He looked at the Colonel with an air of surprise ; but instantly returning the purse, "Keep this," said he, "for some less, less wretched object, who feels only his poverty, him thy gold will relieve. My miseries are derived from other sources. I feel no want but of internal peace. Restore me that, or all worldly comforts will be but aggravations to my sorrow."

Would to God I could. Your situation pierces my soul. Horrible must have been those incidents, the remembrance of which are so insupportable ! yet without arraigning the justice of your heavenly Judge.

Speak not of justice ! interrupted he, it is his Justice by which I am condemned.

Then let me say his Mercy, without disbelieving his most sacred Promises, dare
you

you entertain a doubt of pardon ? I am a young man, and, by my own imperfections, the less capable of giving salutary advice. In me it is presumption ; however, instead of a desponding criminal, for, in my opinion this despondency is criminal, I hope to be the means of seeing you the joyful and serene Christian. I have a friend ; but hold, are you a Protestant ?

Surely I am conversing with an angel ; your voice has conveyed to my soul the sounds of comfort. I am, I am a Protestant, blessed be the Almighty ; then falling suddenly on his knees, his poor withered hand extended to heaven, “ My God ! my God ! ” cried he out, “ now I know thou wilt pardon me ; thou hast sent me consolation in the day of my affliction. Never, never, will I again doubt thy mercies, O righteous Judge of the world ! My tears of penitence thou hast numbered, and my groans hath ascended to thy Throne ! Let my horrid crimes dwell
in

in the depth of my memory ; but let them be done away from thy sight for ever."

The Colonel who was inexpressibly affected by this scene went and filled a glass of wine which he offered to the poor penitent, as soon as he arose from his humble and devout posture.

He refused it in these words.

"From the expressions you have heard me utter, most humane and generous stranger, you may guess my crimes are not of a common nature, and though my heart has through your means admitted a ray of divine hope, sixteen years a stranger to that dark abode, yet never, never will my conscience rest secure, my hope may increase, my penitence never shall diminish. Pardon me then, dear sir, if I refuse your well-meant request, already have I felt too horribly the effects of that pernicious poison — that, that was my
first

first step towards destruction, this wretched emaciated carcase, such as you now behold it, has been supported sixteen years by bread and water; and unless the effects of one crime, terrible to nature, could be recalled, will never know other sustenance, here will I wait with lowly penitence till my merciful God recalls me from this vale of misery.

Colonel Fairfax was quite unmanned, a tear of pity started from his eyes, he took the poor wretch's hand, and was going to speak of Dr. Harvey, to assure him what benefit he would receive under his direction, when at that moment the Doctor made his appearance. This worthy man betrayed even stronger marks of astonishment than the Colonel had done before him, his eyes were fixed with the most lively expression of horror, of compassion, of amazement, on the pale effigy of famine, who had thrown himself on the ground, and seemed relapsing into his former gloomy silence.

Our

Our Colonel, who thought it best to inform his friend alone of what had happened in his absence, desired he would go with him into the next room, and requested the stranger to wait their return where he was.

He bowed his head in token of obedience, and the gentlemen withdrew together.

As soon as they were closeted, Colonel Fairfax gave so picturesque a description of the manner in which he discovered this object of misery, and of the conversation which had passed between them, that the bare recital caused strong emotions in the breast of his hearer, he threw himself into a chair, and pointing to a glass of water which stood on the table, the Colonel gave it to him and he drank it off, then bursting into tears, "Thank God, said he, for this relief—sixteen years ago—just sixteen years—merciful providence!"

"What-

“ Whatever are the crimes of this young man, replied the Colonel, so long, so severe a penitence must have erased them from the eternal book of records.

No doubt, no doubt, my dear excellent child, but we must know what these crimes were. I am more concerned for this unfortunate victim than you can possibly imagine : I have suspicions which want confirmation before they can be divulged. Alas ! my child, it was not the wretchedness of his appearance, but his features by which I was agitated, a something in them which told me he and I were not unacquainted. If my suspicions are confirmed, of which at present I have only a faint hope, for time and misfortune has left such few traces of what he was, I say, if it should happen, that I know this poor object of guilt, and repentance, he may still be happy. But let us go to him, and, whoever he is, endeavour to console and support him ; only do not, I intreat
it

it of you, call me by my name in his presence.

They found him walking about the room with an air of discomposure, and as soon as he saw them enter, he desired Colonel Fairfax that he might be dismissed.

I must comply with your request, said he, in a soothing voice, if you will not voluntarily favour us with your company. Already I feel myself interested in your happiness: Can you then afford me no return to the friendship I sincerely offer you?

He said nothing; he looked irresolute, and seemed to avoid the doctor's scrutinizing eye, which followed him in all his motions.

My son, said he, advancing towards him, repose some confidence in two people who are disposed to serve you. This gentleman
you

you are not quite a stranger to. You have already witnessed the benevolent humanity of his sentiments. He generously offers you his friendship. I am an old man, and may communicate to you consolation from the Holy Function with which I am honoured. Yours, as I am informed by this young gentleman, being a distress of conscience.

In speaking thus, the doctor had so totally altered the natural tone of his voice, that it was impossible to have discovered it.

The self-tormented wretch became more composed. He lifted up his eyes ; they were overflowing with gratitude. He said he could refuse them nothing—promised to gratify their curiosity, but begged they would not insist on his revealing two circumstances, which he was determined to conceal.

They readily promised him this favour, and waited for the recital, particularly Dr. Harvey,

Harvey, with agitation not to be expressed.

They prevailed on him to take a chair, and, seating themselves opposite, from which they might observe every turn in his countenance, he began, as may be found in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

THE two circumstances which alone I wish to conceal, and which no earthly power shall ever make me discover, is the name of my family, whose worth would be blasted by its connexion with such a monster as myself, and the name of a country which had the misfortune of giving birth to a ——He stopped—the passage of his words was choaked—it was near a minute before he recovered his voice. Horrid appellation! continued he, to deserve, it drives me to madness! I cannot, cannot repeat the shocking title which my actions have merited!

Gen-

Gentlemen, I am well descended, my father—he started with an air of phrenzy—how dare I pronounce the awful name of father! dear venerable shade, if thou art permitted to witness the horrors of my polluted soul, forgive, forgive thy son!! my crimes are terrible, but my repentance fervent.—O that the blood of this foul body could wash away my stains!!!

Pardon, bear with me, these expressions rise involuntarily, I must give them passage for my heart will not contain them.

Both his auditors were nearly as much affected as the distressed penitent himself, the Doctor indeed partly concealed his emotions, for at that moment, when the young man began to address his supplication to his father's spirit, he had covered his face with a handkerchief.

Wicked as I have been, continued he, surely I do not deserve that good men, like
you,

you, should weep for and sympathize with me—yet let me humbly receive these testimonies of generous humanity as a heavenly cordial sent by God himself, after sixteen years experience of his divine and just vengeance, all which time I have been a wretched wanderer on the face of the earth, an alien to my country, without friend, without money, without peace.

I once was innocent and happy, but leaving the bosom of a tender parent—O gentlemen, such a parent as mine, would to God you had known him ! you would then have seen the full extent of my guilt ; without knowing him you know but half my misery.—I left him to finish an education which his paternal care had hitherto directed, I soon forgot his heaven-inspired precepts, his more heavenly example, and made long strides towards the attainment of every criminal desire.

He paused, then resumed the conversation, which had from the beginning been held in the French language.

“ Wine destroyed my reason—women inflamed my passions—these vices could not be indulged without expence—I continually drew for more money than my unhappy father, unhappy in such a son, could prudently advance. Alas! had he possessed the mines of Peru, even they would have been insufficient for my detestable purposes—raging with vice and determined not to relinquish my pleasures, my first resort was to the gaming table, want of success made me desperate—I purchased pistols, and —”

Here large drops of sweat stood on his forehead, nothing but the whites of his eyes were visible, every feature was distorted, his whole frame trembled with convulsive terror.

Colonel Fairfax, the tears streaming down his face, caught hold of his hand, and begged him to drop the conclusion of the story—the good doctor could not speak, but his sobs were audible,

“ No,

"No, sir, cried the wretched narrator, after wiping the sweat from his face, this is one part of my penance, without this my punishment would not be complete—suffer me to proceed—let me act over the horrid deed again in imagination, that my soul may be released by the strength of her own feelings.—O God! O God! if thou seekest fit, let this poor shattered body longer support its conflicts.

"I said I bought pistols, you guess for what use they were intended—hold, hold my brain—(he put his hand to his forehead)—it will do, cried he; on my first accursed expedition, I rode up to a chaise, and without looking at the person in it, clapt a pistol through the glass, demanding money, at the same instant a crape which I wore on my face dropped off, stooping to take it from the door of the carriage, my eyes met those of my father, who in all my vile courses I had never ceased to reverence, his well-known voice entered into my very soul.—My
son,

son, my son, was all I heard—guilt and horror shook my whole frame, the pistol discharged itself, and bursting only took away my murderous hand, whilst my father, my dear, dear father!!——

At this period he was interrupted by a loud groan; and looking round him with terror in his countenance saw the doctor fall back in his chair.

“Ill-fated wretch, exclaimed he, shalt thou destroy another innocent man!—is there contagion in thy very breath!

Colonel Fairfax who had flown to support him, now forgot the caution he had so lately received from his friend, and cried out in an agony of grief, stranger thou hast killed Dr. Harvey—run, fly for assistance.

Instead of doing as he was desired, he made but one step to the opposite side of the room, and catching hold of the Colonel's
arm

arm, demanded in a voice scarce intelligible, if Dr. Harvey lived at Broomhall in Essex.

An answer in the affirmative, acted like a cannon ball, and levelled him even with the earth.

In the midst of astonishment and terror Colonel Fairfax still preserved his presence of mind, he pulled the bell with vehemence and dispatched a messenger for a surgeon of eminence, the lifeless bodies he saw conveyed to separate rooms and immediately put to bed; the surgeon soon arrived, he bled them with success, and applying other remedies they both began to recover though very slowly.

The first use Dr. Harvey made of his returning senses, was to inform his friend that he was a father, that the poor miserable being who had excited their compassion was his son, that having received only a contusion from the bursting of the pistol he had soon

F 2

recovered,

recovered, and never after hearing any tidings of his unhappy child imagined he had fallen a sacrifice to his inordinate vices, that he had himself spread abroad the report of his death, but as God Almighty in his abundant goodness, continued the worthy old man, has restored him to me ten thousand times more amiable for his merciful chastisements, my arms and heart shall be open to receive him; as to the world, he being supposed to die abroad, their scruples may be easily removed, without impeaching his former character. I confess my good friend, tears plentifully streaming down his face, this prodigal son, this glorious penitent I think a greater honor to his father than if he never had offended, it is true, nothing can be less difficult than keeping the straight path of honor, but let a fond parent boast that few who has entered so far as he had done the way to perdition, could return the wiser, nay the better for his trials.

Charmed with the good man's expressions in favor of his son, our Colone. felt the most

lively satisfaction, but observing him too deeply affected by dwelling on the subject of his deviation from, and his return to virtue, he endeavoured to give the conversation something of a turn less interesting, by expressing his surprise that Mr. Harvey had not discovered his father on their first meeting.

“ I must account to you for that, replied the Doctor, since our separation I have had the small pox, which disorder has totally changed my features, and together with the many scars still remaining, made it almost impossible for him to recollect me, I was afraid, notwithstanding this alteration and so long an absence, that he might have some faint idea of my person or my voice, and I altered the latter, the more effectually to deceive him.”

As he spoke thus the door opened, he saw his son on his knees, not daring to approach he heard him say, my father, O my father !

Here we must drop the curtain—such a mixture of grief, joy—tears, smiles—penitence, forgiveness—gratitude and tenderness, as this scene afforded, may make an excellent olio of the passions, but without abilities for dressing them to advantage, we should only spoil the ingredients

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

THE fortunate discovery in our last chapter, which had made Doctor Harvey a joyful and happy father, prolonged their stay in Paris five days, in which time, by the assistance of nourishing food, together with the delightful sensations he experienced on finding his father still living, and being restored to his tenderest love, had such an effect on Mr. Harvey, that his strength and spirits visibly increased, his person also underwent alterations still more favourable by the aid of a neat suit of cloaths, with every other necessary part of dress which was immediately provided for him, and at the same time he

parted with those appendages of woe which had contributed to give him the most savage-like appearance.

He was not acknowledged by his real name in France, and the facetious landlord readily believed the good fortune of Wild Robin entirely proceeded from the charitable inclinations of the two English gentlemen. Doctor Harvey and his son regarded Colonel Fairfax as an instrument, by the will of God, who had restored them to each other, the former embraced and blessed his friend, now dearer to him than ever, the latter watered the hands of his preserver with unfeigned drops of grateful sensibility: His manly heart felt a pleasing pride in the accidental part he bore in the felicity of a person to whom he owed, if possible, more than filial obligations; he likewise felt no small degree of joy to see the most miserable object his eyes had ever beheld, restored to happiness; he returned their acknowledgments with all that warmth of tenderness they expressed in bestowing them

them ; he assured the Doctor he had always regarded him as a father, and that his son should ever command a brother's share in his affections.

Delight and satisfaction gladden'd the old man's features ; Now, now, said he, Blessed be the Almighty, the measure of my joy is full, it can receive no addition ; my son, turning to Mr. Harvey, My dear Harry, receive this offer of fraternal friendship as the immediate gift of heaven.

I blush, Sir, at my own unworthiness, he replied, it covers me with confusion—I know not how to receive rewards where I so justly deserve punishment—your unhop'd for goodness to a guilty, but repentant son—how can I express my feelings—my heart, generous Colonel Fairfax, expanded by duty, is open to the impressions of friendship, I embrace with respect the invaluable gift you condescend to offer me, and sensibly feel the honour you confer—With what transports of

gratitude shall I dedicate the rest of my days to my God, my father, and my friend.

Your wife and children too, I hope, my dear Harry, interrupted Doctor Harvy, with a smile of paternal love, your best days are to come.

Indeed I flatter myself they are, my dear Sir, replied he, kissing his father's hand, or how dark and dreary would be my prospects as to a wife; he sighed deeply—once I might have been happy; if I should ever again think of a wife, I must endeavour to make myself deserving the affections of a virtuous woman; hitherto my connections have been with the most vicious of that sex; yet in the days of my innocence, I have known what it was to love in secret one of the most amiable of them.

We have given our readers as much of this conversation as may convince them that the son of Dr. Harvey, through a long course
of

of abject misery and despair, had preserved a delicacy of sentiment that cannot, at all times, be found in men who have never estranged themselves from the world, or swerved from the paths of honour.

Nothing can be more obvious or better illustrated by a thousand ancient as well as modern examples than this observation, that men of the strongest understandings and most violent passions, have been ever more liable to capital errors than the effeminate petiti-
matre, or plodding philosopher, the pedantic scholar or the phlegmatic indolent politician; none of these can attain a higher character than that of being negatively inoffensive, whilst the man who has assisted his passions to conquer his understanding can never know any mediocrity, he must either give up his name to eternal infamy, or he must, before it is too late, by a noble exertion of his faculties, by quitting the side of passion, and lifting under the banners of reason, establish a permanent and glorious reputation. Highly

as Mr. Harvey had in his juvenile days offended against his natural judgment, trampling on all laws public and social ; yet we hope a penitence so great, so uncommon as that to which he voluntarily submitted, will intitle him in the opinion of our humane and sensible readers, to the honours of the latter character. Further we beg leave to observe, that the reason why we have omitted the relation given by this gentleman to his father, and Colonel Fairfax, of the last sixteen years of his life, is really no other than what arises from a consideration of our reader's sensibility, such a series of horrors and distresses as his vagabond state was attended with, would only serve to moisten their eyes, afflict their breast with the too painful sensations of compassion, and add nothing to the importance of our history.

Our travellers left Paris without Colonel Fairfax's having either seen or heard any thing further from the Marquis d' Stanville's family ; St. Meara often drew a sigh from his bosom, but it was not an emotion of love,
he

he regretted her partiality to himself, which had all along been but too visible; he wished her happiness with the same fervent ardour that he would have wished it to his sister; there was but one way in which he would not have assisted her to promote it, and that was perhaps the only one which would have proved effectual; his inclinations were averse, and it was likewise inconsistent with his strict notions of honour, by unmeaning gallantry, to encourage a passion in her breast which he was incapable of returning, and which could not fail of being attended with disagreeable consequences; this was his mode of reasoning, and we cannot here avoid declaring our perfect approbation.

With sentiments such as these, and a heart perfectly at liberty, he landed at Dover, and being informed by letters from his sister that she was removed from the house of her late benefactor to that of Mrs. Edwin, he pursued his rout towards Essex, accompanied by his two friends, who lived in the neighbourhood
of

of Edwin place, at the distance only of about half a mile they parted, with a promise from Doctor Harvey and his son, that they would see him the next morning, when they intended paying their respects to Mrs. Edwin, she being a great favourite of the Doctor's, but Mr. Harvey not having heard his father mention her by any other name, thought himself entirely unknown to her, and consented to the visit, in compliance with the old gentleman's request.

We have said that Mrs. Edwin was a great favourite of the Doctor's, we must now say, that in return she almost revered him; for a number of years the strictest intimacy had been preserved without interruption between her father and the worthy divine; many of her infantine days were very agreeably passed in a thousand innocent amusements with his son before he was sent on the pursuit of knowledge, in which pursuit fatally mistaking the object, he lost what was now far more dear to him than life itself.

They

They were very near of the same age, and that childish fondness they on all occasions betrayed for each other, was improving very fast into the most serious passion, when the separation, destructive to his peace, unfortunately followed—she received the account of his death with a thousand artless expressions of grief, and profusely mingled her tears with those of his wretched father, who laboured in secret under a load of hidden sorrows, his pangs were a million times more excruciating than any which ever tore the breast of paternal love at the dissolution of an only child.

It was seven years after the supposed death of Mr. Hervey that Miss Mariana Edmonds gave her hand to Mr. Edwin, more in complaisance to Sir James than her own inclinations—her eldest sister had long before been disposed of by her father to Mr. Dormer, a man of good fortune and good character, nor was his other son-in-law of inferior reputation, but in point of estate had a considerable advantage.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dormer was still a wife, Mrs. Edwin had been a widow three years, and during that time made no progress towards a change of situation—with a jointure of seven hundred pounds, and a legacy of twenty thousand, which her husband left her at his death, she supported that elegance and hospitality in the country for which he had always been distinguished.

Emely Fairfax enjoyed so large a share of her affection, that she never parted with her, even on a visit to Mrs. Dormer without regret, nor ever left her behind with that lady a week or ten days; which she has sometimes done at her sister's request, but she longed for the moment of her return with a mother's impatience.

Mrs. Edwin was at this time thirty-four, and still a remarkable handsome woman, a cheerful flow of spirits, uninterrupted health, and a benevolent mind, gave her the appearance of being no more than five or six and
twenty,

twenty, yet as Miss Fairfax was but seventeen; we do not think the maternal appellation we have had recourse to will be judged inapplicable.

Sir James Edmonds, as a mark of his regard for Emely, had bequeathed her five hundred pounds, the rest of his fortune came to a division between his two daughters, who vied with each other in bestowing the most valuable presents on his and their beloved charge; in short, by their generosity from possessing nothing, she soon became mistress of no despicable fortune, but of this change she had never acquainted her brother at the earnest request of her benefactresses, who, with true benevolence, wished to avoid his acknowledgments on that occasion.

We shall now return more particularly to the Colonel. He was received with the politest welcome by the friend of his sister, by Emely herself with transports of joy, which gave additional charms to the brilliancy of her
com-

complexion, and a more striking vivacity to the finest eyes in the world.

Her brother was agreeably surprised at finding an improvement where he imagined there was not the least possible room for improvement; he thought her the most finished creature of her sex when he left England, but his heart, at this interview, fondly acknowledged she had gained considerable advantages by exchanging the lovely girl for the beautiful woman. Her height was commanding, her elegant person modelled by the finger of proportion, her movements graceful—Beholding her with the partiality of a brother, what must have been his sentiments, indeed they were inexpressible—he looked at her with love, with joy, with astonishment, he fell into a profound thoughtfulness, his eyes were still rivetted on the object which engaged his attention.

My dear brother, said Miss Fairfax, taking his hand, you look grave, I hope no part of
my

my conduct in your absence has given you displeasure.

Far from it, Emely, starting from his reverie, your own good sense, the example of the ladies who have honoured you with their protection, would make it impossible that a single idea should intrude to your disadvantage—no Emely, my silence proceeds from pleasure, I am not a vain fellow, and yet let me tell you I am very proud of my sister.

Indeed you have reason, replied Mrs. Edwin, smiling, I will allow you the first place in her heart, but give me leave to inform you, Colonel, the second is already bespoken.

I know no-body, said Emely, who can have a better title to it (my brother excepted) than the dear person you mean to insinuate.

These words were accompanied with a
most

most grateful look, directed to Mrs. Edwin, which made the Colonel hope, what he greatly wished, that he had no male rival in the affections of his sister; to be more convinced on this essential point, he asked her, laughing, if she had no favoured lover, for whom she made some reserve? or, if her heart was really and truly divided by himself and the lady, who had an undoubted right to a very principal share?

Not entirely, with a very grave air, was her answer.

Take care, Emely, (Mrs. Edwin said) do not alarm my jealousy, and the Colonel looked rather disconcerted.

Can I ever forget the thousand obligations I owe Mrs. Dormer? Is it possible for you to believe me ungrateful? Surely then you cannot be angry if my heart is not divided exactly as my brother had carved it out.

But you forget my question, Emely, I

asked if you had no lover to divide your affections?

Lover, brother, pray what kind of a creature is that? with a pretended simplicity, which made them laugh heartily: an exotic, I suppose, as I have never met with any of the kind in my country rambles, or perhaps it is an animal that cannot exist in our pure air, and is only to be met with in great towns and foggy capitals.

Pleased that she could treat the subject with so much railery, as it confirmed the freedom of her inclinations, the Colonel replied, If I was to fall into your whim, and endeavour to delineate a lover, faith, I have had so little experience, that I should not know where to begin or end the picture. Then let the task be mine, said Mrs. Edwin, observation has stood me in the stead of experience.

A lover, child, continued she, turning to Emely, is a kind of phantom, he glides about with folded arms, has a ghostly appearance,
and

and never stays long in the same place ; to-day he lives on the smiles of one mistress, to-morrow he is at the feet of another ; he is perpetually killed, but never dies, not that I would have you understand he is immortal, he feeds entirely on sighs, one tender glance from his adorable transports him to madness, a frown has exactly the same effect, and throws him into a phrenzy of despair.

Very well, madam, cried Colonel Fairfax, the vengeance of love himself will overtake you for this profanation. He will never rest, depend on it, till he has made you the tenderest of his votaries.

I have set his godship at defiance, replied she, laughing, he has more wisdom than to waste his darts on thirty-four, that, thank heaven, is my security.

Emely coincided in her brother's opinion, and the evening slid away with so much good humour, and cheerfulness, that it was late before they thought of retiring for the night.



Mrs. Edwin and Miss Fairfax had not neglected very particular inquiries after the good Doctor; they were informed, that he would breakfast with them the next morning, but nothing passed relative to Mr. Harvey on this head; the Colonel observed a profound silence, in compliance with a request which he had received from the father of that gentleman, in order that he might consult his pillow before the discovery of his son was made to the two ladies.

No sooner did Colonel Fairfax find himself alone, than he again fell into the same pleasing train of ideas, which his sister had once before interrupted during the evening. As we suppose our readers will not be uninterested in his cogitations, we shall here exhibit the subject of them in as concise a manner as possible, and then conclude our chapter.

His first emotions on beholding the lovely Emily were those of surprise and pleasure;

he gazed at her charms with fraternal rapture, he listened to her conversation conveyed in accents of harmony with approving transport—the more he gazed or listened, the more was he engaged in a train of reflections on her situation—the smallness of that fortune which it was in his power to bestow, would but barely place her above the reach of poverty; whereas by the superior beauties of her mind and person, it was evident, at least to him, that she would do honour to the most exalted sphere of life—he was by nature possessed of that eligible kind of ambition, without which a young man can never hope to make a shining figure in the world. His profession, instead of depressing, had contributed to inflame this early love of honourable achievements, was it then at all to be wondered at, that he considered his sister's advancement with the same degree of sanguine expectation as he had experienced on his own account? was it surprising that a man who would have thought himself miserable, had he been excluded from a view of rising to the highest eminence

eminence of his profession, should feel himself in a state of anxiety on seeing a possibility that a beautiful and accomplished sister might waste her youth in obscure retirement? Was it not extremely natural, that in such a case he should employ the whole bent of his thoughts to remedy the threatened disadvantage?

Amongst a thousand schemes, which were no sooner planned than rejected, the last which offered was that of an immediate reconciliation with Lady Dorothy Petting. His fertile imagination exulted in the pleasing prospect, he determined no cordial advances on his side should be wanting to accomplish the desirable event—Notwithstanding her ladyship's former displeasure, he had very little doubt but his attempt would be successful.—In idea he already saw his beloved Emely under the protection of her aunt, and that aunt a woman of quality and fortune, who had once before signified the most gracious intentions in their favour—In idea he went still

further, he saw the old lady partially fond of her amiable niece, he saw his sister loaded with her favours, and he also saw her united to a nobleman, even more eminent for his virtues than his nobility.

These waking dreams were all mighty sanguine, but dreaming may be pleasant, if not profitable, and as it served to amuse our Colonel, pray, gentle reader, let him dream on unmolested; hast thou never experienced that the flights of imagination are often attended with more delightful sensations than we even feel at the completion of a favourite project? If thou answerest in the affirmative, then art thou also as great a visionary as Colonel Fairfax, and durst not, with the ludicrous burst of ridicule, laugh at him for his ideal happiness.

C H A P. XI.

MRS. Edwin, Emely, and her brother were no sooner assembled at the tea table, than the latter, in pursuance of the scheme he had so wisely concerted the evening before, asked Miss Fairfax if she should have any objection to spending the approaching winter in London.

She looked with a delighted surprise, and assured him she had no objection in the world, except that of parting from her dear and valuable protectress.

Are you really fixed then Colonel, asked

G 2

Mrs.

Mrs. Edwin, to deprive me of a companion who is of the utmost consequence to my felicity.

Not, madam, he replied, unless after you have heard my motives for proposing it, you should absolutely approve them.

That is perfectly polite, and as I do not fear of a plan to counteract yours, I beg you will speak freely; Emely too seemed all impatience to have this sudden, though not unpleasing proposal of her brother's, accounted for.

Her curiosity was immediately satisfied.

After the innumerable obligations he continued, conferred on myself and sister by Sir James Edmonds, and his amiable family, not to repose an entire confidence in them, would be sinning against gratitude, I shall therefore have no concealment in laying my affairs before Mrs. Edwin, she alone shall be judge

and corrector of my intentions. She smiled and bowed, he proceeded :

My aunt, madam, Lady Dorothy Petting, in the life-time of your father, expressed a desire that Emely might reside with her, and in that case promised largely at her death ; I had my reasons for declining her ladyship's request at that time, and even for concealing it from our best friends. I knew Sir James could not part with his ward, and not feel the separation.—How strongly does this partiality reflect honour on you, my dear sister? I likewise knew, that had he been made acquainted with the offer I received from Lady Dorothy, he would have resigned her, perhaps, to the prejudice of that ease and cheerfulness so necessary at a certain time of life to which he was happily arrived.

The ladies handkerchiefs were applied to wipe away some officious tears which started to the memory of an affectionate father, a kind and generous benefactor.

Mrs. Edwin would have spoke to express her thanks, for the instance the Colonel had given of uncommon and disinterested attention, but he perceiving her design, prevented it by continuing the conversation.

Her ladyship, said he, was so exasperated at not having her request complied with, that she would not see me when I waited on her before I left England, nor even condescend to take the smallest notice of two letters which I wrote her in my absence, one from France, the other from Italy. Notwithstanding these forbidding appearances, I make no doubt, was she once to see my sister, her resentment would give place to more laudable sentiments, an event which, for Emely's sake, I heartily wish may be accomplished—My fortune is very limited—what is in my power to do shall not be neglected, but surely, my dear Mrs. Edwin, your favourite deserves more than my confined circumstances will admit.

Indeed,

Indeed, my dear affectionate brother, said Emely, interrupting him, I am a richer girl than you imagine.

Hush, child, cried Mrs. Edwin, if you love, and would oblige me, never mention the mere trifles that have passed between us.

And will you always, madam, confine me to silence, when my heart is even bursting with gratitude.

Shew it then, my dear girl, by complying in this one respect with my humour.

You cannot refuse to submit obediently to a command so noble, said the Colonel, the obligations which I have witnessed your receiving, are abundantly sufficient to make me the most obliged and grateful of men, were I permitted to know more, it could not add to my gratitude, or increase my admiration.

Upon my word, Sir, replied Mrs. Edwin, I have no other claim to the honour of your good opinion, than a very tender affection for your sister; pray, therefore, let us drop the subject. Well, Colonel, have you any thing further to propose in regard to your London expedition?

Nothing, madam, except that, with your permission, I intend to give Lady Dorothy another letter, and if the answer should be favourable—

To take away my Emely, (interrupting him)—

You know the conditions—your consent determines her destination.—

I cannot help thinking you are a very extraordinary creature, to suppose I will part with her voluntarily and immediately.

I have done, madam.

There

There is no necessity for that either ; I told you I should find a plan to counteract yours—I flatter myself, Emely will have no objection to remain under my protection in London, at least till the happy reconciliation is affected ; then for her interest will I resign my charge, but positively not to any Lady Dorothy in the world will I give her up, who does not love my dear girl as much as she deserves.

This friendly declaration was received by the Colonel with such heart-felt acknowledgements of joy and satisfaction, as convinced her she had made him perfectly happy—as for Emely, her delighted sensations were differently expressed, actions as well as words spoke the feelings of her grateful heart, she threw her lovely arms about the neck of Mrs. Edwin, and, with the most engaging energy, protested, that, in whatever station Providence should place her, half her time, at least, should be always dedicated to the valuable society of her dearest friend.

Mrs. Edwin, charmed with her affectionate sensibility, promised she would write that very day to an acquaintance she had in town, for immediately providing a house proper for their reception ; at the same time she advised the Colonel not to address his aunt by letter, the success of that being doubtful, but rather to attend her in person, as their stay in the country would be short, to which he readily assented.

Doctor Harvey just then made his appearance, and was most affectionately received by the ladies. Colonel Fairfax, after the first compliments were over, laid their new projected scheme before him for his approbation. Having listened with attention, and being pressed for his opinion, he made the following reply :

I not only approve your intentions, but think them highly prudent ; your duty, as well as interest, makes them almost indispensable ; if I may be allowed the honour of following

lowing this good lady's example, looking at Mrs. Edwin, I shall be happy to attend you; one lodging, Colonel, will serve you and I, then too I shall have an opportunity of gratifying my son's curiosity, who has never yet visited that metropolis; I am sure Harry's inclinations will never be expressed in contradiction to those of his father.

Our Colonel smiled, this being the first time Mr. Harvey's name had been mentioned before the ladies, who looked on each other with an air of surprise, and Mrs. Edwin being no longer able to contain her emotions, cried out in a voice of eager hesitation, Good God! Dr. Harvey, what do I hear?—You speak of a son—you call him Harry—you say you are a father—I thought—I thought—

As I myself did, my dear madam, interrupted the Doctor—we both thought that he was dead—

And is it true—can it be possible—is it in nature he should still be living?—

Nothing can be more true than that my son, through the infinite mercies of God, my worthily beloved son is restored to the arms of his father—he waits only your permission, madam, to pay his respects to yourself and Miss Fairfax.

I cannot, I wish not, to disbelieve you Sir, yet a miracle alone could have produced this unexpected event. Where has he been? What occasioned a silence of so many, many years?

The Doctor, who held a lie in absolute abhorrence, could not avoid seeing the necessity of an evasion, and replied, that he was not at liberty to give the particulars of his son's unfortunate story, but that he should not scruple to inform her a very singular and unhappy accident, in which he suffered the loss of a hand, had driven him a voluntary exile from
from

from his friends and country, and by a strange fatality of various circumstances, he might possibly never have returned, if he had not met him unexpectedly abroad a thousand times more deserving, and consequently more dear to him than ever.

Notwithstanding the insatiable curiosity of women, she seemed entirely satisfied with the Doctor's relation, but turning to Colonel Fairfax, I cannot forgive you, said she, for concealing this interesting discovery from us so long; why not have trusted us with the secret last night.

Because I would not rob my good friend of a pleasure to which he has a superior title.

Well, well, answered she, you have an excellent method of bringing yourself off—but dear Doctor Harvey, did you not promise us the company of your son? It is eighteen years since we last parted—we are very old friends—I shall be happy at seeing him again—

again—permit me to dispatch a servant this moment to Broomhall.

“That trouble is unnecessary, Madam ; I will produce him in less time ; saying which he left the room, but returned the same instant not unattended.”

To give his son an agreeable surprise, to try also if time had effaced from his memory the features of his old acquaintance, he had not told him any thing more of the Lady than her name, her merits, and her fortune, so that he was quite unprepared for the warm and friendly joy with which Mrs. Edwin advanced to receive him. He gazed on her face for a moment, then looking at his father, at her, and at Colonel Fairfax, by turns, “Am I not mistaken ?” cried he ; “Can it be Mariana, my dear, my ever dear Miss Edmonds !”

“Indeed,” replied she, “I am the same Mariana who parted from you eighteen years

years ago with regret, meets you now with more satisfaction than she can well express."

"Heavenly Goodness!" said he, embracing her with the affection of a brother, "O what ideas do the sight of you recal to my memory! Happy, happy moments that we spent together!"

Mrs. Edwin looked assent. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure; but casting them accidentally on his vacant arm, they glistened with the tender tear of compassion. To hide a sensation, the cause of which she knew, if discovered, would give him pain, she hastily turned to Emily, saying, with a smile, — "Come, Miss Fairfax, let me introduce you to the companion of my youth."

He saluted his friend's sister with great politeness; but his looks, his thoughts, his whole attention, was so rivetted on another object, that we may venture to affirm, at the instant when his lips touched the rosy cheek
of

of beauty, it would have been difficult for him to tell whether Emily most resembled a Medusa or a Venus.

Our reader may be apt to form a too hasty conclusion from this interview. If he does, and afterwards finds himself disappointed, the fault is all his own. Love has never been mentioned by us. We meant only to dedicate this short scene to friendship.

Mrs. Edwin kept her visitors to dinner. The day was spent in perfect harmony and good humour. Every body was pleased with themselves and with each other; even Mr. Harvey (to the infinite joy of his father) seemed to have forgot his past misfortunes, and to feel the full extent of his present happiness. A certain melancholy, which, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours to suppress, in the presence of Doctor Harvey and Colonel Fairfax, had hitherto obscured, in a great degree, his shining qualifications; divested of that, the polite gentleman, the elegant

elegant scholar, the entertaining companion, broke out in full lustre. His person too received equal advantages from the same source. The powerful workings of his mind had always the most visible effect on a countenance remarkably expressive. When he considered himself in the character of a Parricide, the furies seemed to have lighted up their torches at his eyes, and the most horrible despair was stamped on every feature. Providence snatched him from perdition. His tears had blotted out his many crimes, and in the bosom of a father he already experienced that divine hope of peace and pardon, which is mercifully promised as the reward of penitence. It was this heavenly ray that shone upon his benighted mind, and drove from thence the terrific phantom of despondency; the furies fled from his eyes, despair evacuated his features, and left them glowing with the benign warmth of its conqueror.

The

The evening was far advanced before their pleased and hospitable entertainer, would, by any means, consent that the Doctor and Mr. Harvey should separate themselves from the company, and then ordered her chariot to convey them home, the latter, as she could easily perceive, being very weak, very emaciated, and apparently suffering from a too great exertion of spirits in his share of that day's conversation. She insisted on their return the following morning, and every other whilst she continued in the country. Attending them to the next room, she held out her hand to the poor invalid, saying, in a voice of the most soothing tenderness, "Remember my commands : I see you to-morrow ; for God's sake take care of your health."

He pressed the hand she had given him to his lips, and was going to speak ; but she hastily drew it away, though not with any token of displeasure, and, by a cordial look, wishing him a good night, she hastened back to her company.

Before

Before they parted it was unanimously agreed, that the Ladies should go in a few days to take leave of Mrs. Dormer, previous to their London journey; and the Colonel, who, on mature deliberation, thinking the smallest delay might be of dangerous consequence in the present mode of his affairs, said that he would attend them thither, and from thence set out immediately for town, to pave a way for his sister's reception from Lady Dorothy. No objection could be started to so just a proposal, and, separating in the height of good humour, they retired to their different apartments full of a thousand sanguine expectations.

C H A P. XII.

EARLY the next morning Mrs. Edwin, who had been long released from the bonds of sleep, left her bed, and, being soon dressed, went down into the garden, tempted by the finest morning she ever remembered to have seen in the autumnal season.

Her only companion was a small spaniel, who, whilst his mistress wandered on, wrapped in profound contemplation, leaped joyfully before her, now snapping at a fly, now pursuing a bird, and now barking at the sweet sounds, with which the feathered choristers seemed to ridicule his fruitless efforts. Restraint did
not

not fit at all easy on this active animal : He grew tired of his confines, and spying a crow on the opposite side, in a beautiful meadow, divided only from the garden by a ha-ha, he sprung across with amazing agility, and running in quest of his prey, was out of sight in a moment. Mrs. Edwin, alarmed for the safety of her favourite, opened a door which led to the field, and calling him repeatedly to no purpose, waited his return with some degree of impatience. In vain did she call, in vain waited ! What in this situation was to be done ? She bestowed on him the appellation of ungrateful wretch : many a fine Lady bestows the same on her lover, and then acts just as Mrs. Edwin did, who, finding her faithless companion inclined to desertion, flew after him, resolved no endeavours should be wanting to bring the wanderer back to his allegiance.

Long and arduous was the task. She followed round and round the first field, from that to a second, from the second to a third,
just

just as the mischievous crow, who governed all the actions of the little giddy favourite directed.

At length, quite spent, and almost breathless, she sat down to recover herself on a seat, which surrounded a large spreading oak. Her eyes still pursued the object of her peregrinations, and seeing the crow, who, doubtless, began to be of opinion, that too much of one thing is good for nothing, join a large flight of his black brethren high in air, she flattered herself with hopes that her dog would now return, but was so weak with running, as not to be able to exert her voice so as to be heard at a distance; for which reason she sat still, expecting every moment he would come towards her; but her difficulties did not end here—there was another disappointment—she was still doomed to experience, and that too attended with circumstances which occasioned her some consternation.

She saw a man enter the meadow; she saw the volatile companion of her walk make towards him with as much eagerness as he had before shewn in the pursuit of his feathered antagonist; she saw the stranger take him in his arms, and she could also distinguish that he bestowed on it a thousand caresses.

She was not quite so great a coward as many, of her sex, yet, to go up and accost a man whom, perhaps, she had never seen before, and to demand her dog, required more resolution than she found herself disposed to exhibit; yet, to leave the poor Fidel behind, and possibly never see it again, was a most grievous consideration. Whilst she stood unresolved what to do, the person made quick advances towards her with the spaniel in his arms, and, being come near enough for each of them to hear and see distinctly, she cried out, "Good God! Mr. Harvey, is it you?" Her face at the same time vermillioned over with surprise.

Pardon

Pardon me, Madam, if I intrude on your retirement; the fineness of the morning which, I suppose, called you out, also brought me hither.

I meant only to have enjoyed it in my garden; but you, vile brute, first correcting, then kissing, her dog, it is you, giddy wretch, that have dragged me from my home.

Don't chide it, my dear Mrs. Edwin, at least to my thanks it is intitled for procuring me a happiness which, without its aid, I find I might have languished for in vain.

Take my pardon, then, ungrateful as you are. There, there, setting it down, get you gone, but never serve me such a trick again.

Away skipped Fidel, not a jot the wiser, or more steady, for his fair mistress's admonitions.

Mr.

Mr. Harvey, having seated himself by her side, neither of them seemed to perceive how high the sun was advanced, or shewed any inclination to return home.

Mrs. Edwin looked at Harvey with an air of tender concern; his countenance was paler, and much altered since they last parted.

He saw the compassionate emotions of her heart.

I guess your thoughts, most amiable of women. You have goodness enough to interest yourself for the health of an unhappy man, who has not words or power to acknowledge his sense of the honour he receives.

I am sure you are very ill. You say too you are unhappy. Good God! and tears trembled in her eyes.

My unhappiness. I have industriously earned. My sickness is the merciful correction of the Almighty. I kiss the rod with thankfulness. I wonder not that you observe an alteration in me this morning. A sleepless night, a night of torment and despair, must make a visible change in such a poor shattered frame as mine.

She turned away her head, and drew out her handkerchief. He caught her other hand, and pressed it to his bosom.

Forgive this liberty : I mean not to presume on your generous goodness ; but was you not once the sister of my heart ? That heart was then pure and unpolluted as your own. My dear, my gentle, my adored Mariana, then avowed for me a sister's love. Blessed, but cruel reflection—you have not—I see you have not, blotted out the impressions of early friendship.

Never,

Never, never, Mr. Harvey, will they be erased from my memory ! These words were accompanied with a look which made them perfectly expressive.

Our friendship, indeed, continued she, commenced at a very early period. I had not quite counted fifteen when, as we vainly imagined, we parted only for a few years. Alas ! how has that few been lengthened ! To what an age of separation. Indeed, indeed, Mr. Harvey, I thought you dead, or ——. She hesitated ; her enraptured friend, (for we dare not call him by a tenderer name) gazed on her downcast face with emotions of joy, affection, admiration, and gratitude.

Oh, Mariana ! why do you withhold the sweet confession ? Speak, most adored of women ! or shall I whisper to my grateful heart that it was a supposition of my death which made room for a more worthy man in your affections ; that had you believed

your Henry still living, you would not have forgotten him.

Think of what will most contribute to your own happiness ; but do not think I have ever for a moment ceased to remember my companion, my friend, my brother. O Mr. Harvey, these were happy, happy days, when Harry and Mariana were the highest titles of distinction we could receive from each other.

Great God ! this is too much : I cannot support my conflicts. Why, why did I urge her to this confession. He leaned his back against the tree, and remained silent.

Ah ! exclaimed she, what is it I hear ! Have I deserved this of you ? Of you, Mr. Harvey, have I deserved it ? To wrest the secret from my soul, and then despise me for my indiscretion ! Is this kind ? Is this generous ? The tears fell in showers from her
eyes ;

eyes; she covered her face with her handkerchief.

Roused by her distress, he started, he flew towards her, he folded her in his arms, he fell at her feet; the distraction of his soul was exquisite.

Despise you, Mariana! I despise you! Witness, awful Creator of the world, that I love you, even to madness! But I hate, I despise, I abhor myself. I see before me a paradise of domestic felicity, yet my own accursed crimes closes up the entrance. I was not prepared for this interview. Meeting accidentally all my soul holds dear, I forgot myself, and not remembering the bars never to be removed which I have placed between us, I drew from you the confession, on which I thought at that moment my whole bliss depended — your looks, your words, your tears confirmed my imaginary happiness, but alas, the next instant opened my eyes to real misery—yes, Mariana, to know

that I am dear to the only woman on earth who has ever governed my honorable affections, strange as it may appear to innocence like yours, has made me completely wretched.

Mr. Harvey! how alarming are your words, how terrible the expression of your countenance, on my knees (and she sunk by his side) let me intreat that you will repose your sorrows in the faithful bosom of friendship.

You will hate me, and that I cannot support.

Never, never shall I hate the dearest object of my— Dear Henry, despise me not, were I inclined to conceal my sentiments, it is now too late—I do not repent, I rejoice that you are acquainted with the inmost recesses of my soul; why have you concealments from me, why keep me in the agonies of suspense.

Already

Already he had raised her from the ground and was now obliged to support her, she seemed fainting under the weight of her own oppressive apprehensions.

Cruel kindness—dear but fatal certainty (then pausing) you shall be obeyed madam—tell Colonel Fairfax, the preserver of a guilty unfortunate man, and next to yourself the dearest, the most beloved of friends; tell him that he has not only my permission, but intreaties to lay my crimes open before you, he is acquainted with every part of my miserable life, since I parted from— He stopped, unable to proceed farther, his bursting heart was relieved by the kindly drops of sorrow and contrition.

A scene of silent distress ensued, from which they were roused by observing the Colonel and Emely at a distance; Mr. Harvey started from his seat—Farewell lovely, noble minded Mariana—forget not Henry, think of him with compassion—honor him.

with your friendship, but forbear to fully the purity of thy own heart, by wishing a union with vice, prophanity and pollution.

She could not prevent his departure, he fled from her with the rapid motion of despair; she had hardly time to dry her eyes and draw the bonnet over her face, in order to hide the traces of those tears which had left a visible impression on her cheek, before the Colonel and Miss Fairfax came up, arm in arm.

For heaven's sake, my dear Mrs. Edwin, cried Emely, where have you been wandering this whole morning—do you know it is twelve o'clock, my brother and I have been starving two hours in the midst of plenty.

To tell you the truth, madam, added the Colonel, I should have been tempted to besiege the hot rolls, had not Emely declared herself in your favor, and planted a watch near the citadel.

Mrs.

Mrs. Edwin affected to speak in her usual tone of voice, told them the affair of her little spaniel, asked their pardon for having made them wait so long for their breakfast, and taking hold of Emely's arm, for indeed she stood in need of support, reached the house without their suspecting in the least that any thing had happened to discompose her; the melancholy she could not entirely conceal, they were easily led to believe proceeded from a pain in her head, the effect as she said of a too violent exercise in pursuit of Fidel.

Before she would sit down at the tea-table she retired to her chamber, bathed her face in cold water, patted her eyes with a handkerchief, and used every other precaution she could think of to avoid suspicion.— She was not ashamed of the sentiments she had avowed, or even wished to conceal them from the world, much less from her affectionate friends; all her intentions were to hide her emotion, if that was possible, till

she had learned from Colonel Fairfax the real situation of Mr. Harvey.—In her heart she had signed his pardon, without even knowing the nature of his crimes, should she find herself obliged to retract the one, on being made acquainted with the other, in such a case she would have rivalled him in misery, but prudently determined to confine its struggles within the limits of her own bosom.

The idea of his being so very guilty lasted but a moment—Had not his father called him his worthily beloved son—did not Colonel Fairfax stile him his adopted brother—could a man eminent for piety and justice receive to his arms a wretch whose actions were the reverse of his own—could he call him son, his worthily beloved son, yet know him still persisting in the road of vice and dishonor—could a man of principle, of understanding, of bravery, free by the laws of nature, have stiled a villain brother—could a villain have acted with that amiable disinterestedness, that
5 charming

charming sensibility, that glorious self-conviction, which she just witnessed in her beloved Henry? No. Whatever his faults, his errors, may have been, she was convinced Henry was at this time intitled to the warmth of that affection, which for twenty years had lain smothered in her heart, but which absence, nor even death itself, was able to extinguish.

Let detraction hold aside her scorpion head, let not her invenomed breath glance on the fair fame of Mrs. Edwin—let the poisoned arrows of envy miss her unspotted innocence, let them recoil upon the malignant archer back with redoubled venom—virtuous and enlarged minds will adore her generous candour, her constant passion, her noble unreserve, her disinterested intentions.

Had the object of her love been surrounded with health, with cheerfulness, with prosperity, she would not have transgressed the common forms of her sex, she would not

have met his advances, she would not have confessed the sentiments of her heart without first making that sacrifice to female delicacy, which in many cases cannot be dispensed with.

Her situation was peculiar, a man on whom her early affections had been settled, whom she believed dead, whom she had lamented with rivers of tears; by a sudden transition, appears before her, tender, generous and unassuming, not in the bloom of health, not in the vigour of cheerfulness, but pale, emaciated, maimed, depressed and blighted by misfortunes—had she to combat no other passion than love, we should not have so soon come to her final determination, but who can withstand the united attacks of love, friendship and compassion, the latter moved by a sudden irresistible impulse, it found a ready way to the breast of Mrs. Edwin, threw down the barriers of reserve, and disclosed the secrets of her heart.—If any of our readers should have thought an
apology

apology necessary, we flatter ourselves the above will be deemed not insufficient, but on the contrary, place her actions in that point of view, as not only to admit them defensible, but even great and laudable.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

BEFORE Mrs. Edwin had settled her plan of operations, how to get Mr. Harvey's secret from Colonel Fairfax without betraying her own, a message from Dr. Harvey was delivered as they were still sitting at the table, having just finished their breakfast, this message was to desire the Colonel's immediate attendance, his son being that morning seized with a very sudden and alarming illness.

Colonel Fairfax staid to hear no more, he eagerly snatched up his hat and flew towards the door.

The

The voice of his sister hastily calling him back made him turn his head, he saw Mrs. Edwin's face pale as death, reclining on the bosom of Emely, her eyes motionless, no visible sign of life in her whole appearance—he ran to her assistance, a bottle of hartshorn happened luckily to be on the table, brought thither to relieve the head ach she had lately complained of. Whilst Miss Fairfax chafed the temples of her benefactress with the most lively signs of affectionate concern, she could not avoid saying Good Heavens ! what could occasion this.

Hush my dear Emely, replied the Colonel in a whisper, I have my surmises, poor Harvey, I fear, but I will not reveal a suspicion which it is too probable would give pain to the best of women.

•He thought her incapable of hearing what he said, or would have been silent on the subject of his doubts, but her faintness was of that nature, which, though rendering her

her seemingly insensible, had not taken from her the power of observation, she felt their tender endeavours to bring her back to life, nor were the Colonel's words lost upon her ear.

She lifted her head from the beautiful and gentle bosom of Emely, the blood in a sudden tide rushed back to her forsaken cheeks.

O Sir, she cried with emotion, you have discovered then the situation of my heart—I desire to lay it open to your view—to the view of my beloved girl, but first tell me, catching his hand with an air of eager sorrow, as you wish me to avoid misery, as you wish me to preserve that honour unsullied, which makes me deserving of your sister's friendship; tell me sincerely, for you alone can inform me, does Mr. Harvey merit a preference which I have many, many years felt in his favor—nay, do not hesitate—he has taught me to expect a tale of horror—to
you.

you he has referred me—conceal nothing I fervently intreat you.

Colonel Fairfax looked astonishment, exalted man, said he, you would then rather risk so great a loss as the esteem of this most amiable woman, than impose on her credulity. You ask me madam, continued he, if Henry deserves your generous preference—I must, my regard for you obliges me to be sincere, yet I know from the goodness of that heart, in which my friend has chose to repose his confidence, my sincerity will be of no disservice to his cause—perhaps there has been some actions of his life, which, alone considered, would not only make him unworthy of your good opinion in particular, but also of that general benevolence which all human beings owe as an indispensable duty to each other.—But if the impetuous passions of youth can receive any atonement from unremitting penitence, I venture to pronounce my dear Harvey worthy of your tenderest affections.

Mrs.

Mrs. Edwin's countenance wore an air of gladness, she besought him to hide nothing from her that concerned his friend.

He was going to comply, but recollecting the pressing haste implied in the Doctor's message, and also the presence of Miss Fairfax, begged to be excused till he had visited the sick man; even then, madam, continued he, the particulars you are desirous of hearing, must be reserved for your private ear; pardon your brother, my dear Emily, by Mr. Harvey's desire I give up his secret to Mrs. Edwin, I cannot think of divulging it unauthorized, even to my sister.

She sweetly smiled assent, and he left her consoling her most valuable benefactress, with all the persuasive eloquence of artless friendship.

Whilst the Colonel is pursuing his way to Broomhall, we shall beg leave to reconduct our readers imagination back to the parting scene between Mrs. Edwin and Mr. Harvey.

Perhaps the damps of the ground on which he had thrown himself at the feet of his mistress, had a sudden effect on his impaired constitution; perhaps the tumultuous agonies of hopeless love affected him more, or whether both acting together had an equal share in reducing him to the bed of sickness, we have not skill enough to determine; therefore can only say, that returning home greatly indisposed, he was immediately conveyed to his chamber, and a messenger dispatched for an eminent physician in the neighbourhood.

The successive shivers with which he was seized, and other alarming symptoms of a violent fever, finding no opposition to encounter from natural strength and vigour, made so rapid a progress through his whole frame, that, before the arrival of Dr. Manning, reason was driven from her throne, and he was pronounced by that gentleman to be in the utmost danger.

What

What language can speak the heart-rending pang this sentence gave to the bosom of parental fondness, yet Dr. Harvey had called for it, he had insisted on knowing the worst, else humanity would have held back the blow—it was given, it could not be recalled, but by the interposition of heaven; it came so sudden he was little prepared for its reception, yet his piety, resignation and wisdom served to calm the transports of despair.

Silent affliction bears a stronger resemblance to real misery than does the most frantic expressions of ungoverned grief, one may affect the heart for a moment, the other melts it to the impression of lasting sorrow.

Dr. Manning had just left the house with a promise to return at four in the afternoon, when Colonel Fairfax arrived, and was by his own desire immediately conducted to the sick man's apartment.

His

His voice was distinguishable at the distance of several rooms, raving with all the vehemence of distraction—the Colonel walked on, the feelings of his soul may be better imagined than described—he opened the door, his heart palpitated at the scene of distress he every moment expected to witness—he was not disappointed in his melancholy expectations—he beheld the wretched father devoutly kneeling by the side of Henry's bed, his eyes and hands lifted to that Almighty Power from whose tender mercies alone he could expect consolation.

Hearing a footstep, he turned his venerable face, without quitting the posture of afflicted humility, he looked at his friend, he groaned, he pointed to the bed, he spoke not, he wept not, his dumb anguish would not admit the smallest alleviation.

Colonel Fairfax was obliged to retire to the window, the father's situation would have been sufficient to have overthrown all his

resolution,

resolution, but the shrieks, the incoherent exclamations, delivered in a voice of madness from the son were insupportable—he surveyed the one, then the other, as hardly knowing which was most intitled to his compassion, at length he flew to the former, and taking his hand, endeavoured to raise him from his knees.

What can I say, my dear sir, to give you comfort, would to God the power of consolation was in my reach, with what joy would I impart the blessing. Our dear Henry may yet recover.

He may child, replied the old man, rising with seeming composure, nothing is impossible to God, and Oh! he may—here he stooped, tears for the first time started, but his eyes gave them up like a miser sparing of their bounty.

Father! father! father! pronounced from the bed with a shrill and eager voice, stooped the
the

the friendly appearance, and drove away every trace of composure from his countenance — he threw back the curtains and falling by the side of his son, my child, my only child, exclaimed he, behold thy father; but O my darling, my blessed son, thou knowest him not. Great God! lighten my burden, or give me strength to support it, I lift up my heart unto thee, turn not away in displeasure—thou gavest me this child in thy tender love, thou restored him to me in thine infinite mercies, Lord! Lord! if it be thy gracious pleasure, once more make me a joyful parent, but O my God! if thou seest fit for thy glory and his eternal welfare to snatch him from my arms, thy will be done; O that his penitence may have sealed the pardon for his crimes, and may his precious soul rejoice in thy presence everlasting!!!

His friend did not attempt to comfort him by words; he sympathized in silent melancholy.

Poor

Poor Henry grew worse and worse, his groans, his screams, were terrible to nature, his father could not longer support them, Colonel Fairfax dragged him from the chamber.

Removed from the sound of his cries the terrors of suspense became intolerable, they went back to his apartment.

Dr. Manning returned at the hour appointed, he had been eagerly expected, his arrival seemed to communicate a gleam of hope to the distracted bosom of parental anxiety; but alas! one look from Dr. Manning, after examining his patient, destroyed in its birth the sanguine flatterer, this look conveyed a dreadful certainty, humanity glitened in his eye, and would have softened the fatal sentence—he felt for the good old man, he was himself an old man—he was himself a father—he honored the venerable parent, and never found a more distressing difficulty than to announce the wretchedness
which

which awaited him. Words on this occasion were needless, silence, a compassionate silence, appeared more gentle, but equally expressive.

Dr. Harvey felt its force ; great and good God, he cried, thy Almighty will be done!—his arms were crossed upon his breast—his grey head bended to the earth—he retired in the solemnity of woe.

C H A P. XIV.

COLONEL Fairfax followed the disconsolate father, but finding the door of his room locked, he went into another, from whence he wrote a few lines to Emely, desiring she would not be uneasy at his absence, as the situation of his friend might probably require his attendance, perhaps for some days. He spoke of Mr. Harvey's danger and regretted the pain she must unavoidably feel on being obliged to discover it to Mrs. Edwin.

When this note arrived the ladies were sitting together impatiently expecting the Colonel's

Colonel's return, it was given into the hand of Emely, who immediately cried out—from my brother.

Mrs. Edwin grew pale as death, she held out her hand, for God's sake give me the note; she could say no more, but eagerly breaking the seal and casting her eyes on the contents, it is what I feared, it is what I expected, exclaimed she, clasping her hands together—he will die then—and I—Oh! Emely—I am doomed to misery.

Miss Fairfax was so much affected with her agitation, her gentle heart being full of sympathy, that falling on her neck, she cried out in a voice interrupted by genuine tears, forbid it heaven, if you are miserable what will become of me; my best, my kind, my dearest Mrs. Edwin think of your Emely, her felicity is so closely united with your own, that the wound which stabs the one must inevitably destroy the other, can I be happy and you wretched, you loved me

once, let not this stranger rob me of your affections, the grief you bestow on him will kill your Emely.

Beloved girl, returned Mrs. Edwin, pressing her to the warm heart of friendship, dearest Emely, how you afflict me, never can I cease to love my amiable girl, I will for her sake try to compose myself, yet time must be allowed me—it is not for a stranger that I have given pain to my kind Emely—tears must long, very long flow to the memory of my friend—my companion, my lover—the friend, the companion, the lover of my earliest infancy.

She was silent, nor could Miss Fairfax speak to oppose the tender effusions of a generous and noble passion.

Though her heart had never experienced the power of love, yet exactly in the same situation, it would have been full as susceptible as Mrs. Edwin's, she therefore no longer tried

tried to conquer her grief by argument or entreaties, she only endeavoured to lessen it by participation.

Stern melancholy and frantic despair possessed the inhabitants of Edwin-place and Broomhall for three tedious days, during which time the poor invalid never closed his eyes to sleep, or once felt the comfortable return of reason. Dr. Manning and Colonel Fairfax never left his side day or night; hour after hour rolled away in a course of unavailing care and watchfulness.

The unhappy father, worn out with fatigue and the most dreadful apprehensions, was at length prevailed on to repose his grief-worn body on a couch, close by the bed of his expiring son, from which the warmest persuasions of friendship could not drag him, even for a moment.

The poor old man was just fallen into a momentary forgetfulness of the sorrows by
I 3. which.

which he was furrounded, when Dr. Manning perceived his patient's pulse to alter in so sudden a manner from extreme rapidity to extreme languor, that he whispered the Colonel, all would be soon over—his voice too underwent an equal alteration, his ravings which had been the most terrible to be imagined, subsided into a kind of low murmur, his eyes were fixed, and in a few minutes seemed to have closed themselves for ever.

It is impossible to describe the consternation of Colonel Fairfax, but the attentive physician, stepping to the table, and taking from thence a small mirror, held it to the mouth of his patient, and finding that he still breathed, he again felt for his pulse, but they were not distinguishable, however he beckoned to the Colonel, and they took their places as before.

In about a minute, or rather less, the Doctor, who still held the hand of Mr. Harvey, felt the returning pulse, he was also sensible

ſible that a degree of comfortable moiſture attended them, the Colonel examined every turn of his countenance, with as much exactneſs as if his own fate had been depending, he ſaw it ſuffuſed with benevolent pleaſure and ſurpriſe, but he durſt not betray his ſenſations, the Doctor having laid a finger on his lips, in token of abſolute ſilence, it continued upwards of two hours before he would venture to inform him that he began to entertain ſome hopes. What they imagined his final diſſolution, proved a compoſing uninterrupted ſleep, he breathed already freer than he had done ſince his firſt ſeiſure, he fell into a profuſe ſweat, and the Doctor now declared, if he awakened reſreſhed, and his head in the leaſt ſettled, he ſhould have little doubt of his recovery.

How did the Colonel rejoice at this aſſurance, how longed to communicate the joyful tidings to Dr. Harvey, to Mrs. Edwin, to Emely, how delightful an office to be the meſſenger of happineſs, yet he would not

quit his place, he would not speak, scarce look or breathe, lest his very breath might destroy that repose on which so much depended.

Another two hours elapsed in profound silence; his transports increased in proportion as he saw the Doctor look more and more satisfied.

At length hearing the anxious father sigh deeply, and stir as if just awakened to a sense of his misery, he got up, walked softly to the side of his couch, knelt down, took his hand and whispered close to his ear, that Mr. Harvey was sleeping, that Dr. Manning had hopes.

His words were few, but they were the words of consolation, and the parent's soul was open to receive them.

Venerable old man, how lovely on thy furrowed countenance sat gratitude enthroned, how fervent, how pure thy adorations, angels might

might have beheld thy devout eyes, raised to the Omnipotent, nor blushed to copy a mortal in their oraisons.

It was half an hour past nine in the evening, when Mr. Harvey fell into that happy sleep, which served as a foundation for building the most favourable expectations, and it was likewise near one the next day before he awakened, in which time his fever was much abated and his phrenzy quite gone, yet was he so extremely weak and low that though he knew his father and his friend, he could only hold out his hand to them, but was unable to utter a syllable.

The certainty of his being restored to his senses, together with the reviving cordial of hope, which the truly benevolent physician now administered in no sparing proportion, let in such a tide of joy upon the heart of his affectionate father, as overwhelmed every idea but those of peace and comfort.

His love and gratitude to Colonel Fairfax, his thankfulness to Dr. Manning, knew no bounds.

The former took this happy opportunity of making Mrs. Edwin and his sister partakers of the general joy, it was a design worthy of himself, he hastened to perform it and found them together.

C H A P. XIV.

HIS countenance conveyed to them the first tidings of hope, poor Mrs. Edwin stood greatly in need of the welcome appearance, her spirits had been sunk to the lowest ebb by the unfavorable messages she hourly received in her course of repeated enquiries, during the last three days; she felt them revive at seeing the Colonel's face dressed in smiles of satisfaction, and received an account of the blessed alteration, for which she had incessantly prayed with extacies of pleasure. Emely's delight was little inferior, in short they all three congratulated themselves and one another, in such transports of

I 6 gladness,

gladness, as if in Mr. Harvey's danger, they had each been threatened with the loss of a beloved brother.

The London expedition was again revived, and talked of with its former avidity; Mrs. Edwin's friend had already prepared a furnished house for the ladies, and it was now settled that Emely should set out the day following to take leave of Mrs. Dormer, that her brother should escort her thither, and from thence pursue his journey to the metropolis, that Mrs. Edwin should join her young friend at Dormer-Lodge in four or five days, and afterwards that they should together follow the Colonel with all possible dispatch.

The reason Mrs. Edwin gave for not going to her sister's with Emely, was business of consequence, which required her presence a few days longer in that part of the country, nor can we pretend to contradict it—business of the heart is certainly of the utmost

most consequence, and hers would have been in dreadful confusion had she left the neighbourhood of Broomhall before its well-loved inhabitant was further advanced in regaining that health, on which she had severely felt her whole felicity depended.

Colonel Fairfax, at the earnest intreaties of Emely, who saw that he wanted repose, was prevailed upon to retire, but his eyes, so long unused to sleep, in vain courted the neglected stranger, finding all attempts fruitless he left his bed, resolving to see Mr. Harvey once more, and if he found Dr. Manning's opinion still favorable, to pursue the scheme they had planned for the next day; impatient to realize the dreams of splendid happiness, which his sanguine imagination had been lately carving out for Emely.

An interview with his aunt, Lady Dorothy, was what he most ardently longed for, he had never seen her ladyship but once, and that once long before the death of his father, he
could

could not recollect any particular marks of kindness she then bestowed on him, however trusting a little to his own deserts, and a great deal to the beauty and merit of his sister, he forefaw the speedy accomplishment of all his wishes.

With the character of Lady Dorothy he was well acquainted, and knew, if Emely should be successful enough to gain any share in her aunt's affections, she must be contented to divide them with many rivals.

A worthy husband and a beautiful infant, the only child she ever bore, neither of whom at this time existed, had, when living, shared only a portion of her heart, the most considerable part was occupied by dogs, monkeys, birds and squirrels, of these she was extravagantly fond.

Hers were all dogs, monkeys, birds and squirrels of fashion, their educations were after the most fashionable model, they had
different

different masters to instruct them how to counteract and totally destroy the handywork of nature, how to twist and turn in all the various distortions of art; her dogs must stand erect, her monkeys exhibit in a minuet, her birds sing by note, and her squirrels having no capacity for those polite accomplishments, were taught the more simple qualification of obedience, which for so insensible an animal was no small undertaking, but to their own credit and the glory of their master be it spoken, they gained so much by his instructions, that they would sit on their lady's toilet, nestle in her muff, or creep into her pocket with as much docility as a good soldier obeys the commands of his adjutant.—In short, through this whole polite and happy family, nothing was neglected but their morals; could any thing be more like people of fashion!

Besides this extraordinary fondness for the animal creation, Lady Dorothy had other passions equally ridiculous, though their gratification

gratification was sometimes attended with less harmless consequences.

Next to seeing her dear little family in perfect health and spirits, her darling joy proceeded from having it said in all companies, that Lady Dorothy Petting had brought about a marriage between such an heiress and such a Lord, or such a Lady and the rich heir of a Sir William, a Sir John, or a Sir Michael. This passion for match-making gave her infinite consequence with the young of both sexes, they flocked in crowds to her house, from the very same motives for which her house was open to receive them.

Mistaken good nature and a foolish vanity were her Ladyship's incentives to so strange a conduct, she really was not ill tempered, and thought it mightily praise worthy to assist Providence in bringing together those whom her discernment made her see, or imagine that she saw, destined for each other; often, very often, she totally mistook its purpose,

pose, so that it seldom happened but her officious services were repaid with execrations of the husband, and reproaches of the wife, perhaps the only point they ever agreed on, was a most violent hatred for the person by whose means they had been united, and in this single instance their hearts were always in perfect unison.

To such a height did this preposterous inclination carry Lady Dorothy, that when Captain Fairfax, her favorite brother, married Miss Darlington, she took so heinously ill her not being consulted in the affair, that she never would hear of a reconciliation, and suffered him to leave the world without abating her resentment; once, by accident, she met him with his son, who was then about nine years old, she would have married the child at a proper time into some noble family, as she has since confessed, but was then too angry to take the least notice of him or of his father.

The

The first impression she received in favor of her nephew and niece, proceeded from the advantageous reports every where spread abroad of Colonel Fairfax's martial spirit and gallantry; neither did fame neglect, when founding eulogiums to his valour, humanity and understanding, to proclaim also his personal perfections, which had no small weight with her ladyship, and on hearing a particular friend who had seen Emely in the country, speak of her as the paragon of accomplished beauty; she took it into her serious consideration, that under her patronage and influence, they might both find a future establishment to the honor of themselves and family.

On this foundation proceeded the invitation which she immediately dispatched, and which the Colonel not embracing, incurred thereby her heavy displeasure, however two letters she received from him whilst abroad, though she would not condescend at that time to answer them, so much softened her anger, as to revive in some degree her former resolutions.

solutions, upon which her domestics were ordered the moment she heard of his return to England that he was to be admitted, if as she thought it most probable, he should ever make another attempt to visit her; she further commanded, though it should happen they had denied her to all other company, her nephew notwithstanding was to be let up; she even longed with impatience to behold a man so much the object of universal admiration, yet proudly determined she would never put it in his power to reject such another offer as she once made, but that if ever she restored him to her favor, he should convince her by making the first advances, it would not be thrown away, or received with ingratitude.

Such were her ladyship's resolves—whether most kind or cruel, most unjust or equitable, let our readers determine, whilst we proceed to a new chapter, and our connexions in the country.

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

COLONEL Fairfax finding Mr. Harvey much better at his return, and the skilful physician declaring him out of danger, he communicated to Dr. Harvey his whole intended plan of operations, and the good man having promised to join him in London as soon as the health of his son would permit, they parted, not without regret, and our hero thought himself rich in the blessings he received from his venerable friend, he did not blush at his own feelings, nor do we blush at avowing them.

If any pretty gentlemen or bloods of spirit
should

should be hardy enough to laugh at his or our antiquated notions, we can venture to assure them they are not posselt of that principle, which, like the valuable secret in chymistry, so long and vainly sought after, has the happy power of converting apparent trifles into real treasures. The man who is in possession of this same principle which we shall call by the simple appellation of humanity, has a thousand opportunities of enriching himself, whereas people unacquainted with the mysteries of benevolence must always remain, as to this important secret, in a state of absolute ignorance.

Ask a miser, a squanderer, a coxcomb, or the adventurer, in what riches consist, and perhaps they will laugh at your folly, nay, think you a downright ideot, for supposing it can convey any other meaning than bills, money and estates.

Ask the man of reason, of sensibility, of honor, ask the same question of Colonel Fairfax,

Fairfax, his actions will tell you, true riches are derived from the mind, that they increase by the felicity of others, by a self-approving conduct, by offices of kindness, by returns of gratitude, by the approbation of all good people, and not in a small degree by benedictions from men, such as Dr. Harvey.

And now, gentle reader, permit us to propose one short enquiry: Do you apprehend the reason why Colonel Fairfax, who in his life had never concealed any thing material from his quondam tutor, should never have hinted to him the preference which he well knew Mrs. Edwin entertained for Mr. Harvey, which was the most material of any other for him to be acquainted with.

We suppose you answer in the negative, and shall therefore take upon ourselves to declare it.

Accident first revealed to him the sentiments

ments of that lady, and the confidence she was afterwards pleased to repose in him, made a declaration of them even to the father of the man she favored, appear not only highly ungenerous, but a solicism in friendship, which in his opinion nothing ever could repair; on this consideration he left the lovers, as he hoped to a happy explanation, and had not the least doubt if they arrived to the felicity he sincerely wished them, Dr. Harvey would be soon the confident of both.

Every thing was now settled for Emely's and her brother's departure, and the evening preceding their intended journey, the former being employed in some necessary preparations, Mrs. Edwin hinted to the latter a renewal of her own and of Mr. Harvey's request. Colonel Fairfax saw her delicate confusion on that occasion, and hastened to relieve it, by fixing her attention intirely on that unhappy gentleman's story.

Concealments he thought of any kind
might

might be injurious to both, he was authorised to reveal the whole transaction without reserve, he therefore was explicit even to a degree of exactness.

Truth can never appear so lovely as when dressed in the flowing ornaments of eloquence, in those the Colonel advanced her to the view of Mrs. Edwin, and truth herself threw a transparent veil of compassion over those faults she was obliged to expose, through which veil the eye of benevolence would behold them with less disgust. On the glorious penitent, on his exalted sentiments of filial duty, on his noble efforts of returning virtue, she cast the piercing ray of Heaven's illuminating brightness, and who could turn their sight from so refugent an object, to fix it on the dark train of errors, by which it had been preceded; if there is a mind so depraved, it was not Mrs. Edwin's, her Henry's sufferings had more than cancelled his offences.

The Colonel's pathetic description of that heart rending situation in which he first beheld Mr. Harvey at the French hotel, the greatness of his contrition, the sensibility, the generosity and sublime piety which he then discovered, would have drawn tears from a less gentle, or a less interested hearer, than the person to whom the sad relation was addressed—hers flowed without intermission, she could not prevent her continuance from speaking the sentiments which agitated her bosom, nothing was there expressed resembling either anger or indifference; grief, love and tender pity were depicted in strong and lively colours; she grieved for the errors of his youth, she pitied him for the consequences which had attended them, she loved him for a thousand inestimable virtues, evidently ripened to perfection, in the gloomy but wholesome school of affliction; she wished, his future happiness equal to her own, she hoped, and who will condemn the benevolence of such a hope, that it would be one

day in her power to soften the remembrance of his former sorrows.

Colonel Fairfax was too polite to be inquisitive, but she also was too candid to conceal her sentiments — she confided in his friendship, he honored her generous sensibility, he approved it with that warmth of approbation to which a mind like hers or his can only be susceptible.

Emely joined them soon after the Colonel had finished his narrative, and the evening was spent with that real satisfaction ever attendant on the votaries of innocent cheerfulness..

A night of rest succeeded, and the next morning having received very favorable accounts of Mr. Harvey, Mrs. Edwin tenderly embraced Miss Fairfax, accepted an affectionate salute from the Colonel, and with the hopes of soon meeting again, saw them set off

off in her own chariot and four for Dormer Lodge.

They were received by the sister of Mrs. Edwin and her husband, with the most cordial welcome; neither of them were possessed of that native elegance which distinguished the charming inhabitant of Edwin-place, they were much her inferiors too in point of refined understanding; yet they had plain good sense, good nature, and good inclinations in great abundance.

The strongest attachment for each other was evidently conspicuous in the whole conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Dormer; nature never formed the different sexes with minds and manners more exactly similar; both, in the morning of life, had seen a good deal of what is called the fashionable world, and both in the noon of their days entertained so perfect a disrelish for every other enjoyment, than what they found in a happy retirement, that they were almost as totally

unacquainted with the beau-mond as the beau-mond are unacquainted with the delightful calm of peace-inspiring serenity and domestic felicity.

It was not a little difficult for Colonel Fairfax, at the end of three days, to obtain permission of those worthy people for his departure. They pressed, they intreated him to stay, perhaps with less politeness than hospitality; for well we know that honest heartiness, which our ancestors were far from despising, is now perfectly inconsistent with the rules of polite breeding.

It is possible some very old man, who may chance to read these memoirs, and who has not forgot the ancient custom of pressing in the days of his forefathers, now rises hungry from the luxurious tables of great Lords, great Ministers, and great Personages of all denominations, because they are of too much consequence to give him any assistance, and too polite to desire he will help himself;

such

such an old man may possibly find some good natured excuse for Mr. and Mrs. Dormer's offence against politeness, but from our readers of the present age we do not expect the least clemency.

Having left Emely at Dormer Lodge, we shall accompany her brother to London, the grand theatre on which many of our future scenes will be exhibited.

C H A P. XVI.

COLONEL Fairfax finished the remainder of his journey on horseback, attended by one servant, such a one as will never be met with amongst those myriads of powdered coxcombs who surround the tables of great men—precede her grace the dutchess of Love-Pomp's chair—swing carelessly behind the coach of Lord Pensionseek, when he attends the minister's levee—wait in the lobby of an opera night—promote riots at the play-house—consult the looking glass as often as their ladies—and vie with their masters in the elegance of a nosegay, the sweetness of perfumes, and every other species of luxurious effeminacy.

Sometimes

Sometimes indeed these party coloured mementos of extravagant folly has the good effect of putting their superiors to the blush—a macaroni may be struck with a momentary shame at seeing his dress, his air, his manners, exactly copied by his footman—Vanity may make them lay aside those particularities in which they find themselves equalled, if not excelled ; but their lively genius will not let them fall a prey to the sober dictates of reason : that same genius which had before exposed them, pushes them on to new absurdities ; and again those great originals become the subject of imitation—the cause never ceases, neither can the effect, as long as shadow is produced by substance.

Thomas Parr was no more like his brethren of the shoulder knot, than a court lady is like a handmaid of nature ; a feathered fop like a Middlesex yeoman ; cruelty like mercy ; justice like bribery, or the promises of a man in power, like the genuine offspring of sincerity.

Honest Parr much resembled a rusty antique; a coin that will not pass current, but in the possession of a connoisseur is highly estimated. Man and boy he had lived with our hero, and the father of our hero, thirty seven years; he had followed the former through all his campaigns, and all his travels, with unwearied fidelity: Thomas had seen the world, or imagined that he had seen it. But Thomas would have scorned a base action.— Thomas loved his master, and revered him next to his maker; but Thomas had a good memory, and could not forget the freedoms he used with him when a stripling, and would still venture at certain times to entertain him with a tale or a joke. Thomas was perfectly respectful—but Thomas was talkative. Thomas would joyfully have preferred the safety and joy of his master to self preservation—but Thomas would have done wrong to no man, even to do his master the most essential service. Thomas, in his own opinion, was a brave man—but Thomas could weep with the afflicted, and rejoice with the happy.

In

In short, Thomas had many good qualities, few foibles; the Colonel rewarded the former with kindness, to the latter he was always indulgent; had he taken from him the liberty of speaking in his presence, the life of his faithful servant would have been a foreburden; he wished to make it comfortable, he therefore suffered him to pursue the bent of his humour, and listened with a smiling countenance to his efforts of witticism; for be it known, Thomas in the days of his youth, had been the wit of a certain parish, in which he officiated as clerk and fiddler, before he lowered his dignity by humble servitude; his wit was not of that dangerous kind which blazes fiercely, and is not only soon destroyed by the force of its own fires, but also extends its consuming flames to the total destruction of memory, reason, and reflection; his wit did not in the smallest degree resemble Swift's, neither was it attended with the same melancholy consequences, being much under proof; its powers were less intoxicating; it never lost him a friend by its impetuous sallies.

or overflowed his faculties by the rapidity of its motion.

The quixote of our tale, and his faithful esquire, such as we have described him, arrived at the hotel in King-Street, St. James's Square, about seven in the evening, that being rather a late hour to perform the necessary operation of dressing, preparative to his intended visit, he sat down and wrote a polite card to lady Dorothy, with inquiries after her ladyship's health, and a desire of being admitted to the honour of paying his respects to her the next morning.

This card he ordered Thomas to carry early the day following, and Thomas was mightily pleased with the commission; her ladyship's woman happened to be his old acquaintance; she was the beauty, he the wit of the same village, about the same era, and by his recommendation, the father of his present master had got her placed as an attendant on his sister lady Dorothy Petting. The
unlucky

unlucky disagreement which happened soon after, occasioned by Mr. Fairfax's marriage with Miss Darlington, broke off all connection between the families, consequently between their domestics, so that when Thomas heard he was once more likely to see Mrs. Bridget Deacon, he grinned a ghastly smile, and with circumvolution of words, assured the Colonel his commands should be punctually obeyed.

Thomas Parr, we can positively affirm, had never been in love, on the contrary, he was one of those tough bachelors, against whom Cupid blunts his arrows in vain; he hugged himself in his freedom as a single man, and if by chance he met with a cotemporary, who had bartered it for the shackles of matrimony, he always shook his head, as much as to say, fool, fool, why have you done this? nay, he has been heard to declare, if the devil did not come upon earth to visit his sins in the shape of a wife, he would bid him defiance in any other form he should assume.

Putting love quite out of the question, his reasons for desiring to behold and converse with Mrs. Bridget, were two-fold; first, that he may be gratified by receiving her thanks for the service he had done her thirty years ago, having, according to his simple nature, no comprehension that an obligation was of less value at the end of any stated time, than it was when first conferred on the obliged person; and secondly, he should feel himself proud to talk of his dear master, and his dear master's affairs without restraint.

Thomas met with a very cordial reception from his old acquaintance in Grosvenor-Square; Mrs. Deacon, and all the upper table ladies and gentlemen were assembled to breakfast in the steward's room, of which repast he was warmly invited to partake, and as readily accepted; but now a difficulty occurred, he could not easily provide himself with a chair, every vacancy being occupied by Lady Dorothy's spotted and feathered favorites of all denominations, which are signified
in

in the vocabulary of animated nature, after some resistance on the part of two spaniels of the royal breed, they at last condescended to take a place on the soft lap of Mrs. Deacon, and Thomas succeeded to the abdicated seat.

His first business had been to deliver his master's billet, and to desire it might be carried up immediately to her ladyship, but was informed, that lady Dorothy was not yet stirring, and that nobody could venture to disturb her till she summoned them by her bell. Thomas, who had sense enough to know there was no appeal from the laws of necessity, was forced to submit to the delay, though knowing his master's impatience, his own was but little inferior, to be sent back with her ladyship's anxiously expected answer.

Methinks, Mrs. Deacon, says Thomas; surveying archly the numerous birds and beasts that partly formed the social circle; methinks, Mrs. Bridget Deacon, you might have employed your time to better purpose,

since I saw you last, than in raising up such a family as this? how much better is a husband than a monkey, and children than lap dogs and parrots? the roguish smile and shrug of the shoulders that accompanied this observation, gained the speaker very general applause from the ladies and gentlemen of the round table, and was received with a particular expression of countenance by the person to whom it was addressed, who with a tender simper, directed full at the face of Thomas Parr, replied with equal readiness, you verify the old saying, Mr. Thomas, once a wit and always a wit; but you have no right to be funny on us single people, unless you had set us an example in the way of marriage.

Eyes off mistress Bridget! I never was married, nor ever intend to be married, and I believe my master, God bless him, is pretty much of my mind for the matter of that.

Oh

Oh dear ! he will change his opinion, retorted the waiting gentlewoman, somewhat disconcerted, if he means to be in favor of my lady, she'll get him a wife I warrant you, whether he likes it or not ; if there were but two joint stools in the house, she would bring them together.

We must take our chance for that, says Thomas, but as her ladyship has let you escape, I hope I may be safe, and as to master, he must take care of himself.

One of the younger abigails now observed, that she had heard say the Colonel was prodigious handsome.

Handsome, repeated Thomas ! that is the least of his recommendations, he has the noblest heart, and the best temper of any man in the king's dominions, and as to handsomeness, de see ma'me, a dozen fine ladies have broke their heart strings about him already, besides as many more that have made nuns
of

of themselves for his sake, and twice that number, God bless him, I know he has been as kind to as heart could wish. Here lady Dorothy's bell summoned Mrs. Deacon, who instantly repaired to her ladyship's bed-chamber, carrying with her the note from Colonel Fairfax.

C H A P. XVII.

AS soon as Mrs. Deacon made her appearance at the bedside of her lady, having first drawn up one of the window curtains high enough to admit just as much light as would make the objects about her distinguishable, she saw lady Dorothy setting up in the bed wringing her hands, and apparently much disordered; but this dismay was not fully observed by the attendant, 'till offering the note, and telling her it came from Colonel Fairfax, her ladyship brush'd it away, crying out at the same time, don't talk to me of notes or Colonels, but send instantly for Doctor Philter, I am dying, absolutely dying!

Terrified

Terrified at the exclamation, her affrighted woman was hurrying to the door to call assistance, when Lady Dorothy bid her return and give her hartshorn and water, which having swallowed, she burst into tears, and declared herself so much relieved, that there would be no occasion, she hoped, for the doctor; but tell me, continued she, and tell me truly, without endeavouring, through a well intended, but cruel tenderness, to soften the blow that threatens me, or attempting to impose on my understanding, by breaking the fatal tidings to me, as if I wanted resolution to bear the whole weight of the misfortunes which you fear will overwhelm me; speak and tell me at once, are pompy and spider both, both dead?

Dead, my lady! they are in perfect health and spirits, I assure your ladyship.

Heaven be praised! and all the rest of my little family, are they all safe, no sickness amongst them, no accident?

All

All safe and all well my lady, the sweet creatures had just finished their breakfast at the second table when your ladyship's bell rang.

Dear good woman, what comfort you give me. I think I would never go to bed again, if I was sure to have another such dream as I awakened from this morning.

Your ladyship dreamed perhaps that the world was coming to an end.

A thousand times worse, Deacon, infinitely more terrifying; I thought I saw the apparition of my husband carrying away pompy and spider in his arms, whilst the beautiful little spider barked and growled in a tone so bewitchingly plaintive, that I screamed after the ghost of poor Mr. Petting, to make him release it, and the sound of my own voice awakened me; what Deacon, from such a dream as this, could I expect but to hear
from

from thee, that one or both of my precious little ones were dead.

Mrs. Deacon having congratulated her lady on this alarm, being but a dream, again presented the billet, saying, Will you please my lady to open the Colonel's note, his servant waits below for your ladyship's answer.

Oh, yes, give it me, I have spirits now to enter into the common affairs of life, and having cast her eyes over the contents, sent my compliments to Colonel Fairfax, said she, say I am not yet risen, but that I shall be glad to see him at three o'clock, before I go out to air. This message being conveyed to Thomas, he took his departure to Dover-Street, where the Colonel had taken lodgings, and Mrs. Deacon returned to assist at her lady's toilet.

Lady Dorothy assured that all was well with those dear creatures who possessed her undivided affections, and pleased that her
nephew

nephew was arrived in town, her heart expanded to receive all sorts of agreeable impressions, and having put a score of maternal questions to Deacon, of how her family had rested, what they had eat, &c. all of which was answered to her perfect satisfaction, she next turned her thoughts to the establishment of her nephew, to whom report had been lavish of encomiums really his due; she knew his patrimony was slender, but she considered his birth, and his no very distant views of an earl's coronet, as more than an equivalent for the deficiencies of fortune; besides his figure and education she supposed would ensure him a flattering reception to whatever flight his devotions might be carried. Imagination is a hobby-horse that often runs away with his rider, galloping over improbabilities blindfolded, and clearing every precipice of obstruction with as much ease as a blood horse leaps the bar, yet seldom reaches the goal: whether this was the case with Lady Dorothy's Present hobby, we shall see in due time.

Before

Before she had taken off her night cap, or even put on her stays, with only a loose wrapping gown thrown round her shoulders, she sat herself down at her writing table, and produced the three following notes, which having sealed and directed, Deacon put them into the hands of as many footman, with repeated charges not to return without answers, as the ladies could not, she said, but be at home at that early hour, it being no more than twenty five minutes and three seconds past one o'clock by her watch, and which she regulated every day by the Horse Guards.

N O T E.

TO LADY CHARLOTTE OGLE.

My dear creature, you must positively dine with me to-morrow at six o'clock ; my doors will not be open to the multitude 'till eleven, I have the happiness to tell your ladyship my dear little ones are all well,

Yours most sincerely,

D. PETTING.
CARD.

C A R D.

Lady Dorothy Petting presents her compliments to Lady Watchit and Lady Augusta Drawl, and requests the honor of their company to a family dinner to-morrow; it will be very obliging of Lady Watchit, if she will be so good to announce to any of her friends, that Lady Dorothy will be at home to-morrow evening.

The last, and most laboured, because it bore the most important meaning of all her ladyship's productions, ran thus :

Right Hon. LADY SELINA DANGLE.

My Dear Lady Selina, If it was not for your excessive good nature, I should fear to ask you so great a favour, as that your ladyship would do me the honor to dine with me at so short a notice as to-morrow; I am shocked at my own freedom, though assured of your indulgence. I dread lest it may not be

be in your power to do more than pardon me; can it be possible to expect so much good fortune as to find Lady Selina Dangle disengaged even at the distance of a month, how much less reason is there to hope with only one poor day for my advocate, such an object as you are to the whole world of fashion; but if it is possible I know you will oblige me; I am dying with impatience to present to your ladyship a new acquisition that I have received into my family.

I have the honor to be, with inviolable attachment, &c. &c.

D. PETTING.

It is natural to suppose that our readers may have some curiosity to be better acquainted with the ladies to whom Lady Dorothy dispatched her invitations, we shall therefore bring them forward with their several endowments and situations, in a spick and span new chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVIII.

LADY Charlotte Ogle was the daughter of a deceased Peer, more remarkable for the ancient date of his creation than for the splendour of his fortune; but being a widower, and having no male heir in immediate descent, the whole of his personal effects, amounting to upwards of seventeen thousand pounds, devolved on Lady Charlotte, as his only surviving child; but alas! what is that poor pittance to support a modern bred woman of quality, at least so thought Lady Charlotte Ogle, her extreme poverty was the favorite topic on which she delighted to dwell, and always quitted it with

as much regret as a lover does the praises of his mistress ; she was neither young or handsome, wife or well-disposed, but possessed a fund of cunning and dissimulation, the nature of which was not to be detected by common observers, and acute penetration was not so general a science as to obstruct her passage into the houses and hearts of almost all the respectable personages, whose equality brought them into the circle of her acquaintance, amongst whom she passed for the most amiable woman in the world ; many wives had been reduced from happiness to misery, many husbands exposed, daughters had eloped, and sons been disinherited in families which had been distinguished by an intimacy with Lady Charlotte Ogle ; yet no eye ever glanced suspicion on the specious Lady Charlotte, as the author or promoter of such sort of grievances, or had it yet been discovered that the love of mischief was the most predominate in her fair bosom, of any other female passion barely short of this was her insatiable avarice, and

it was their influence united that had bound her in the strongest bonds of professional friendship with Lady Dorothy Petting, in whose weakness both were abundantly gratified, she assisted her Ladyship with great zeal in coupling those together who she knew would plague and torment each other for the rest of their lives, and she found no small benefit occur from a liberal propensity of Lady Dorothy's to make compensations for the breaches in a ruffle or an apron which the caresses of her four-footed darlings might have occasioned.

This disposition in her friend had long been a rich mine from whence Lady Charlotte's active industry extracted no inconsiderable advantages; her morning visits were very frequent in Grosvenor-Square, dressed for the occasion in drapery of little value, and like Wildman covered with bees, so her Ladyship's person in these *tête à têtes* was scarce to be distinguished for the multitude of animals that hung about it, whilst she

lavished on them the tenderest and the fondest appellations; if as it always happened either by her own efforts or the paws of her dear little hangers-on, a rent in her drapery ensued, she would exclaim, Well, heaven bless you, my love, you could not help it, I wish I could replace it, as easily as I can pardon the offender; or, fy, fy, kissing the dog, the cat, or the monkey, on whom the mischief was laid; fy, fy, thou dost not consider my poverty; these and such like hints never failed of producing an effect, and without ever being disappointed, she always looked on her toilet table the next morning after the damage had been done, for a present from Lady Dorothy of ten times the value of what had been destroyed the day before; on those occasions all parties were well pleased, except Lady Charlotte's woman, whose perquisites were much curtailed by the extraordinary uses her ladyship had for decayed linen and faded ribbons, however poor Mrs. Congee had no remedy for her complaints, but that of making them generally

rally known to all the receivers of cast cloaths, who heartily joined her in execrating prudent mistresses.

It may be supposed, that with such strong propensities to the love of mischief and money, there was no room left in the breast of Lady Charlotte for that troublesome sort of affection, which is so apt to play the fool with boys and girls, but this was not exactly the case, for though she was not addicted to the entertainment of romantic ideas, or burdened with those nameless tumults of hopes and fears, which make up the delight or torment of a lover's existence, she was much further removed from the imputation of indifference for mankind, and had at an early age been more than once very near the verge of matrimony; but these occurrences happened in the life time of her father, and a conversation between him and his intended sons-in-law, in which the words fortune and settlements made a considerable part, had always ended the pretensions of one party

and the hopes of the other; from the time of the Earl's decease she had it is true received no overtures of marriage, at least from men of rank, who according to her opinion were alone intitled to make them, and indeed, rather than condescend to become the wife of any thing below a Peer, she had thought it more consistent with her quality to become the tender friend and gentle Desdemona of Lord Marham.

His Lordship was a collateral branch of her family, had succeeded to her father's earldom, and that part of the estate that went with it by entailment; but be it observed, this liberal connexion had never thrown a shade on the purity of her ladyship's character; the world was blinded by her management, or pretended to be blind, it would be somewhat hard to decide to which she owed the concealment of her amour; it may be placed to the account of her own unimpeachable hypocrisy, or it may, with as great probability, be supposed to proceed from the good-natured

tured lenity of her own sex; of whom it cannot be said they wantonly delight in scandal. No, it is never a female amusement, except excited by some extraordinary beauty, or brilliant talents, which are not in their own possession.

Lord Marfham had been once married; but having applied to the Doctors of Doctors-Commons, he had found a remedy for the lassitudes of wedlock, this remedy is now so very public and so much used by the fashionables of the present age, that a girl of fourteen, two years or more before she enters on the stage of dissipation, might accuse us of not knowing life or nature, were we to suppose her ignorant of the ingredients.

Lady Charlotte's amour with his Lordship commenced before his bill of divorce had passed the upper house, or perhaps she might have had some chance of training him back to the altar of hymen, but when she had an opportunity, alas! it was too late, ar-

guments of all sorts were unavailing, his Lordship had no idea that he was bound to repair a Lady's reputation, who had made a voluntary sacrifice to pleasure, this was his mental determination, and perhaps not very censurable, the treasure we possess is in general prized by others as we estimate it ourselves, and if a lady sets so little value on her virtue as to wear it thread-bare, who will attempt to repair what is past mending.

Lord Marham was not deficient in that sort of address in which Lady Charlotte abounded; a thousand times since he was at liberty to make a second choice, he had dried her tears, and silenced her complaints by words of the strongest expression of something, but literally meaning nothing; at last he was reduced to the necessity of applying to an expedient intirely new, which though not powerful enough to silence her effectually, shortened her sollicitations and lengthened the periods at which they were renewed; there was nothing so unpleasant to her ladyship

ship

ship as a serious conversation, any thing like morality was disgusting, but if it glanced on religion, to the knowledge of which she had no claim, either from education or inclination, there was nothing she would not sacrifice to silence the speaker; and from a perfect insight into this particular part of her sentiments and aversions, Lord Marsham formed his plan to lessen, if not intirely get rid of, her upbraidings and sollicitations, by pretending a conscientious motive for not entering into a second engagement, whilst the woman who had been his wife was still alive, his arguments though perfectly ridiculous were advanced with so much solemnity, and in a tone to poor Lady Charlotte's ear so frightfully serious, that having relinquished the subject from disgust, she seldom returned to it, from a knowledge that she could not controvert those arguments which she even did not comprehend, some of them being deduced for his purpose from the most sacred authors, and now Lady Charlotte, in lieu of her more honorable establishment,

was forced to be content with the privilege of governing his Lordship, managing his affairs, and forming the most expensive plans of entertainment for herself and the friends she most favored, all of which Lord Marsham consented to with pleasure, and executed with munificence—such was Lady Charlotte Ogle, her endowments, and her situation.

When Lady Dorothy's note of invitation was delivered to her Ladyship, Lord Marsham happened to be at breakfast with her, and as she had no intention that morning to visit her destroying friends in Grosvenor-Square, her dishabille was elegantly fine, and set off her face and figure to so much advantage, as to give to thirty-eight the appearance of twenty-five, and might have abated a little of that astonishment, which, at a moment when the graces had been less consulted, must have struck the beholder; how it came to pass that so handsome a young man could possibly be attached to a
woman.

woman so little beautiful, and so much older than himself.

Lady Charlotte threw the note carelessly on the table and bid Lord Marsham open it, adding, I have not patience to read it myself, that old woman is for ever tormenting one with her notes, I wish she was twenty feet under ground.

Provided, Charlotte she left you behind her, and a legacy by which you might remember her—but hear what she says—his Lordship then read the contents of Lady Dorothy's note.

Well, and what am I to do? How are you to dispose of yourself, my Lord? I had planned that we should dine comfortably alone to-morrow.

Undoubtedly, you must accept the invitation.

And why must I? I do not want to be eat up by her dogs, or get a husband of her providing, where then is the necessity of our dining apart?

Only that you know she is supporting the interest of my friend in his canvass for——shire, and just at this time I would keep her in good humour.

At my expence! but if I go you shall positively do penance with me.

Your Ladyship forgets I may be so unfortunate as not to find a card when I return home.

Pish, then send her word you will dine with her, or go *sans* ceremony, or stop, I will answer her scrap of eloquence and announce your intentions.

Do with me as you please, you are the Empress of my fate, I own no other laws
but

but those of love and Lady Charlotte—his words and accents were at variance, they were began with a hem, ended with a yawn; then starting from his chair, and surveying himself in the glass, he caught up his hat, wished her a good day, hoped to have the honor of meeting her in the evening at the Duchess of G——'s assembly, and slid out of the room to take his morning gallop in Hyde-Park.

C H A P. XIX.

PATIENCE, good reader, we have not forgot our promise of presenting three other Ladies to your further acquaintance. Lady Watchet, her fair daughter, Lady Augusta Drawl, and the still fairer Lady Selina Dangle, are ready to appear on the stage; but modesty retire behind the scenes, merely to give us the opportunity of introducing Colonel Fairfax to his aunt Dorothy, knowing that if we should delay the ceremony five minutes longer, her Ladyship may have gone out to air, it being already half an hour after two, which must have been as severe a disappointment to thyself, gentle reader,

reader, as it certainly would have been to us, his faithful historians.

In an elbow chair, on one arm of which was perched a small monkey, on the other a parrot, who seemed vying with each other to entertain their mistress by a variety of sounds, which none but herself could understand, was Lady Dorothy seated, expecting, with infinite composure, the appearance of her nephew; a squirrel, fastened to her side by a silver chain, promenaded from her pocket to her shoulder, and from her shoulder to her pocket, whilst at her feet, on a crimson velvet cushion, reposed Pompey and Spider, emblems of Eastern splendor and British indolence.

The annunciation and advances of Colonel Fairfax occasioned something very like tumult amongst the household troops, and for some moments prevented him from hearing his aunt's compliment of reception, or of making her an answer, Pompey and Spider

der had fastened on his heels with no friendly salutation, which, together with their yells, the squalls of the parrot, and the chattering of pug, made it impossible for him to hear, or to be heard: Lady Dorothy, who had risen to receive him, having, with some difficulty, silenced her noisy attendants, thought it necessary to make some apology for the conduct of her family, by saying, their interruption was occasioned by the little progress they had yet made in their education, many of them being new acquisitions, who had not received twenty lessons from the master. What were the sensations of the Colonel is more easily surmised than explained; it was a mixture of risibility and surprise, and, perhaps, tinged with a little contempt, which little is more than we can decently declare he felt for his father's sister.

Lady Dorothy, having surveyed the elegant figure and handsome countenance of her nephew, with a look of apparent approbation, and the first compliments on both
sides.

rides happily got over, her Ladyship's first question of importance was, if, with so many advantages from nature and situation, he had been able to guard his heart from the many attacks, she was assured, it must have sustained from the artful insinuations of coquetry and beauty.

I have been no more invulnerable, Madam, replied the Colonel, smiling, to the shafts of beauty than to the dangers of my profession. If the most perfect admiration for the fair sex is a blemish on the character of a soldier, I must resign all pretensions to military fame.

I hope you have not fixed your affections imprudently; the first object is the Lady's connections—the next her fortune.

I have not fixed them at all; but have admired beauty and good-nature, where ever I have been happy enough to meet them in union with each other.

Seriously

Seriously, then you have formed no foolish engagements.

I did not say that, my dear Madam: I rather fear there has been more of folly than wisdom in all the engagements I have hitherto formed with the most beautiful part of the creation.

You profess yourself a general admirer only.

A very general one.

Am I to understand you have not yet seen the woman, who you wish to present to me as my niece?

Many who deserve the honour of your Ladyship's indulgence, and whose alliance would be highly flattering to me, may have crossed my path, but have not engaged my particular notice.

I am charmed with your candour and good understanding, and shall take care of your welfare ; you must dine with me to-morrow.

Colonel Fairfax bowed assent, and was going to reply, when the groom of the chambers brought in three notes, made up in the form of hearts, which on a gilt salver he carried to her Ladyship, who, having asked and obtained permission, opened them with impatience. Yes, said she, having run over the contents with evident marks of pleasure, you must, Colonel, dine with me to-morrow : I shall have a few chosen friends, to whom you will be presented. They are all the most charming people in the world, and I must tell you, nephew, after you have been introduced to some of them, I shall be surprised, nay disappointed, if you are any longer satisfied with being a general admirer.

You

You make a coward of me, Madam. If you foresee so much danger, I shall be rather inclined to keep out of the way of it. May I take the liberty to ask, if these pretty billet-doux are from the fair hands of my ambushed besiegers.

Lady Dorothy, who was now in the best humour imaginable with her nephew for being so amiable, and with herself for having managed with so much skill and success, desired him to peruse them, and promised to inform him who the writers were, and how much they were intitled to his attention and devoirs. Colonel Fairfax obeyed her command, and read aloud :

Lady Watchet, and Lady Augusta Drawl, will have the honour of dining with Lady Dorothy Petting to-morrow, if she will have the goodness to receive them at half after seven; they cannot possibly come a minute before that time, being obliged to attend five auctions, where the greatest curiosities in nature are to be disposed of.

Well,

Well, Madam, said the Colonel, laying down the note (he had just finished) I wait your Ladyship's information on the subject of these Ladies before I proceed to the next.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.